NOVEMBER, No. 56

Let Us Entertain You

SICK

FDC

30¢

SICK BATTLE REPORT: ISRAEL'S KOSHER NOSTRA

INVENTORS' ISSUE

See Sick's INVENTIONS
(FEATURED AT THE N.Y. COLISEUM INVENTORS' SHOW)

PEN PALS

COP-OUTS FOR LONG-HAIRED BOYS

STILL NUMBER TWO!

Why try harder?

Well, I don't dislike **all** Arabs!

SICK

No. 56

Volume 7, No. 8

November, 1967

MID-EAST BATTLE REPORT

Battle of the Gagsters: between Fred Wolfe and Paul Laikin, our correspondents on the spot in the recent Middle-East mish-mosh. It's not generally known, but there is heavy competition between these two Sick staff members, who are constantly fighting for first place—on the unemployment line! Though you may not think much of their battle report, at least these two put up a better fight than the entire Egyptian army! 8

SICK LOVE LETTERS

The movie "Marty" proved for all time that love not only comes to Andy Hardy, but to people in all walks of life. And, if you haven't as yet received a letter of love from your chiropodist, such as: "I think you're sweet, but pheew! Your feet!"—don't fret, as Sick supplies you with several syrupy examples of letters that are as chock full of romance as your local zip-code number! 14

MOVIE REVIEW

"How To Succeed In Business Without Really Trying" The motion picture hit that shows you how to goof off on the job, never do a stitch of work, always show up late, and still get a raise! Of course, there is one **minor** requirement—you've got to be the boss' son! 19

SICK COVERS THE INVENTORS SHOW

Honest, Sick actually has a booth at the New York Coliseum exhibition! We also had a booth at a former medical show held there, but they made us remove it. It seems we were giving Mental Health a bad name! Looking over the weird inventions, we think that the inventors are even sicker than we are, with such inventions as musical heels for girls (No, we don't mean fresh musicians!). And, there are also rubber heels that you can replace on the spot, by simply screwing on a new pair. This could be embarrassing. Imagine jacking up your oxfords in the middle of Times Square! 23

Joe Simon, *Editor*... **Fred Wolfe, *Associate Editor***

Paul Laikin, *New York Correspondent* ... **Jim Atkins, *Washington Correspondent***

Bob Powell, *Art Director* **Melissa Jane, *Messages***

James Richard, *Campus*

Jack Scott, *West Coast*

Angelo Torres, *Pa*

Lynn Lichty, *Ohio*

Bob Elliott, *Space*

Fran Dibacco, *Science*

Ivan Golownjew, *Moscow*

Calvin Castine, *Champlain*

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I saw your magazines with the Monkees on the cover. That wasn't very smart. I have a feeling you're going to be receiving a lot of letters from fans. So why don't you quit while you are ahead.

Diane
New York

Ed: If we ever get even, we'll quit.

In your Feb. issue I wrote to a pen pal in your classicfried section—Ralph King. I lost his address and when he wrote back he forgot to write his forwarding address. Now I can't write back. Do you think you can help me?

Sybil Carello
Box 543
South Porcupine
Ontario

Ed: No.

I think your mag (June #53) is great. You overdid yourselves ON Sick Sick World. Being a Texan I think it was great if only L.B.J. would do it to Bobby.

Buddy Williamson
Pasadena, Texas

Ed: They should do it to each other.

I read your new yearbook and I liked it but there was something funny going on. None of the pages were numbered so I counted the pages up to page 76. But the tunnel wasn't there. It said page 76 in the index—how come?

Lowell Johnstone
Sydney N.S.
Canada

Ed: Whaddaya asking US for?

I wrote to one of those "foreign" people who are always finding fault with your mag. He wrote back that those motorcycle and surfer groups said much worse things than he ever did. And that the people who wrote in were in the small percentage group.

Edna Peden
Dalton, Georgia

Ed: We sell sixteen copies and get 3,000 letters each issue.

In May, 1967 issue, in "Sincerely Yours" (the fifth letter to be exact), there were three pen pals. I wanted to write Paul but found out there was no address. Paul could please write me at this address: 380 Farkiln Hill Rd., New Bedford, Mass. Send pix too.

Lori Surgento
380 Farkiln Hill Rd.
New Bedford, Mass.

Ed: Everybody named Paul, write to Lori.

I am a 5'6", 18 year old male. I talk a lot. To the dead. They're the only ones that listen to me. I once tried talking to a black cat. It turned purple and fled in terror. A bystander suggested I should have taken the horrible mask off my face. When I informed him that I wasn't wearing a mask, he turned purple and followed the cat. So, you see, I have great problems.

Josh Green
4521—15th Ave.
Brooklyn, New York

Ed: More than you know!

I would like to know if you would let me have some jokes or crazy stickers.

Skip Kirby
Fallen, Neb.

Ed: Skip, if we had some jokes, don't you think we'd use them?

It takes a 20 year old boy or girl

to read Sick and get all the jokes. I have been reading Sick for 2 years so far and will be looking for this in your magazine. A very good friend of yours,

Dave La Roy
Staten Island

Ed: When you get to be 20, you'll understand Sick—then you can explain it to us.

I have just arrived in Holland from Australia and have your Sick Magazine of June No. 53. It is the first time I read Sick; it is a good sick book. But to put things like Bill Costa in your magazine, it makes me sick. He might have forgotten about the Aussies fighting in New Guinea and that they did stop those split eyes there and that American soldiers were not used. By the way, I am a Dutch boy but lived in Australia for 12 years. When Aussies have to fight for somebody else's mistakes, well count me out. I will take your Bill Costa for a knife and spoon friend.

Mr. L. Schutte
P/A Arendsen
Post Bus 362 Enschede
Holland

Ed: Who's Bill Costa and why doesn't he finish his breakfast?

I think your magazine is sensational and that bloke on the M.M.A.S. Melbourne should have his bean kicked. "Look mate, you may well be an Aussie, but real dead. You don't know good reading when you see it!" And that other bloke—Pat "Cards" Collins—"the same goes for you." Please give us more of Sick, Sick, Sick.

Geoffrey "Rocky" Culbertson
13 Severn Ave.
Adelaide
South Australia

Ed: Hit 'im again, Rocky!

We are a group of University Students.

Could you print our address at your magazine? We'll answer all letters. We shall send Turkish boys and girls addresses to those who write to us.

If you help us we'll be happy.
KIDY CORRESPONDENCE CLUB
P.K.: 730
Izmir-TURKEY

Ed: We can't help you.

Wanted: girl pen pals 14-16 to write to accident-prone boy in New York. Interested parties will also be enrolled as lifetime members in the A.S.P.A.T. (American Society of the Prevention of Accidents to Teenagers.) If interested write:

Roddy Nizza
82 Joan Court
Elmont, New York

Ed. You're on the wrong page, Roddy.

Could you tell me how to get some of these books through the mail. I think they are very nice to read while sitting around doing nothing.

Carroll F. Hubbard
Washington, D.C.

Ed: You looking for real kicks? Try reading it while doing the 50 yard dash.

I was stuck with thirty little copper pennies to get rid of and I saw your mag, well I figured I'd give it a try. It's a very sick mag and I have two complaints. 1. Too many little words and not enough pictures. 2. Not enough room for letters us people send in. I congratulate you on your hideously sick satire which drove me out of my sick sick mind such as "The Time Funnel," and the "Sick Sick World" was a great senseless article. Before I sign out, I'd like to add one suggestion if I may. Why don't you have a groovy contest to see who could dig up a sick name for the sick little man with the red hair and bowler on his little plump head?

S.W. Benson
Norfolk, Virginia

Ed: We did that shtick 3 years ago, S.W.

I want to let you know that I have finally come up from my grave to greet you sickly existing people. I lay laughing in my six foot pit with my six foot human leftovers just from reading your deathly sick magazine. How about some girl ghosts writing to this poor, abused, lonely ghost to make life easier in this cruel world above ground? Girls should be 18-25 years young, color of hair and eyes not important but shapely at least. I am a 6'1", blue eyed blond male with light complexion and specs.

Mr. "Casper" Mullen
328 Hudson St.
Syracuse, New York

Ed: If you get a girl, she'll need a great sense of humor.

Being a G.I. in Vietnam, I really enjoyed the humor of T.V. Viet commercials in issue #52. Your magazine is an inspiration for us to lose our sanity, which most of us had already done when we arrived. I would like to see more articles on this land over here. Keep up the hilarious work. Your staff is a great mind in a circle of asylums.

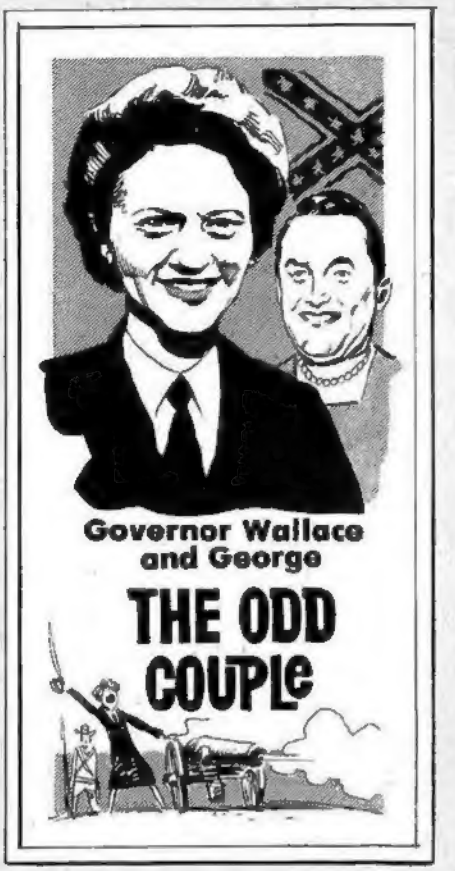
Will accept correspondence from any pen pal but would be extremely glad to receive mail from female types.

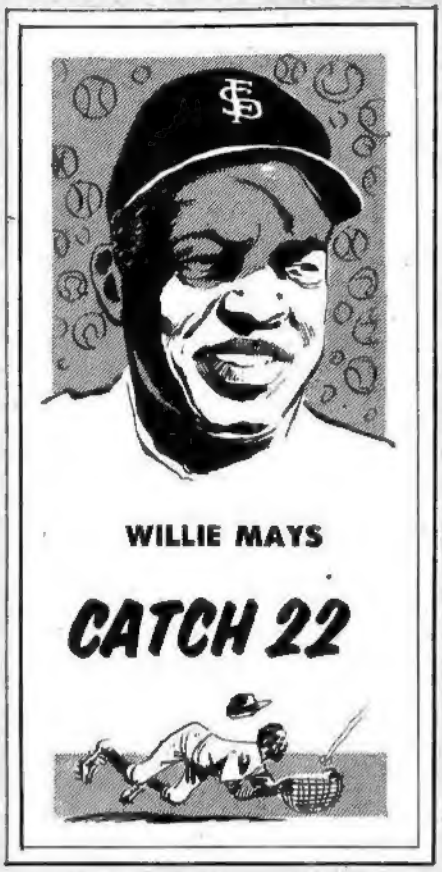
Jim Robertson, P.F.C. RA11931780
4th Administration Co.
4th Inf. Div.
A.P.O. San Francisco, Cal. 96262

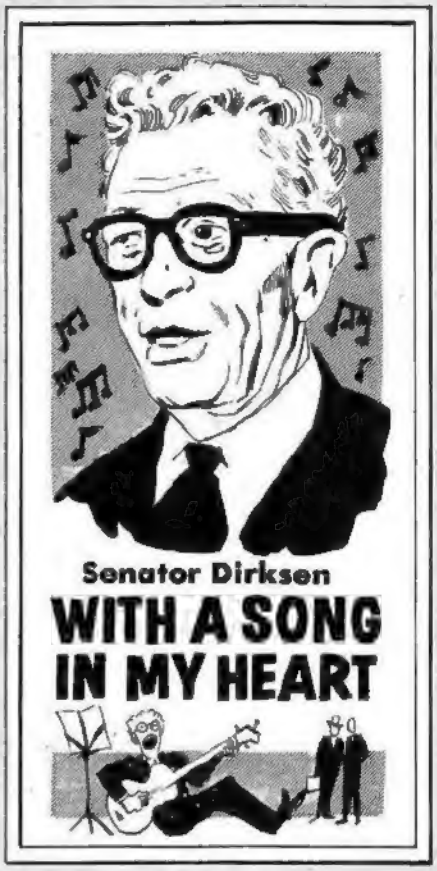
Ed: Female type girls, not female type boys.

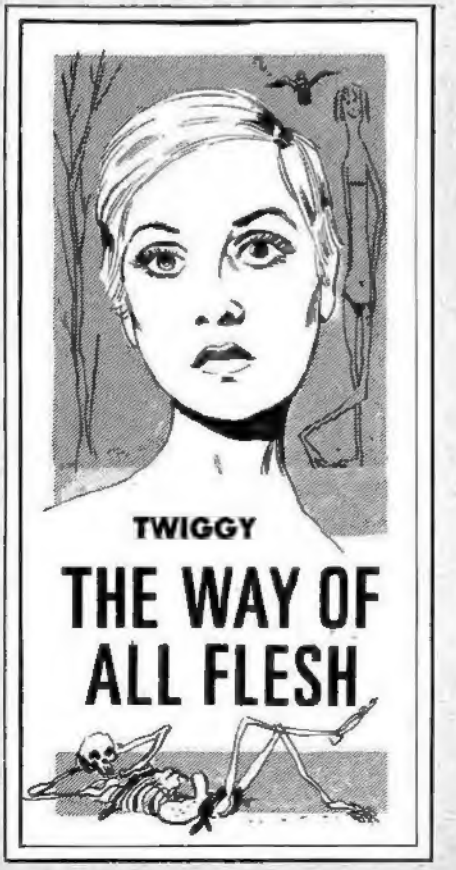
BIG

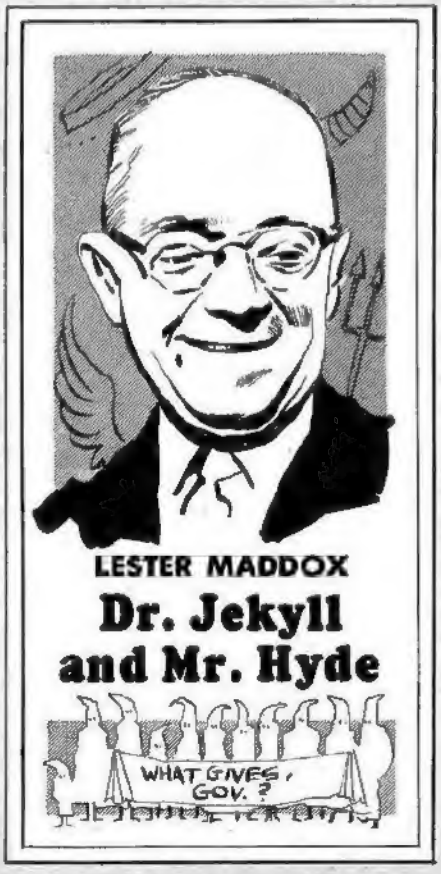
Madison Avenue has long recognized the value of big names in endorsing or selling their products. But the public is getting wise and we wonder how many people really buy this gimmick? Perhaps what is needed is more off-beat or controversial casting in the ads, such as these examples of...











NAMES *in Advertising*

PHYLLIS DILLER

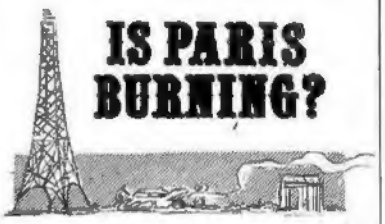
The UGLY AMERICAN

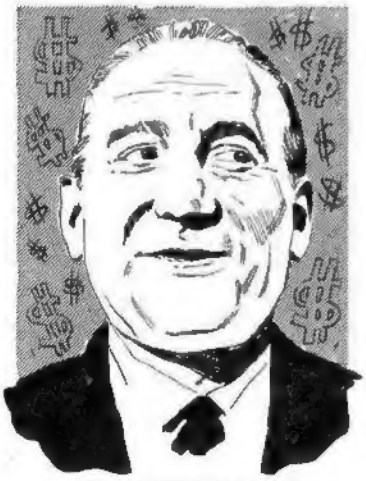
New Orleans D.A.
JIM GARRISON

MISSION IMPOSSIBLE

CHARLES DEGAULLE

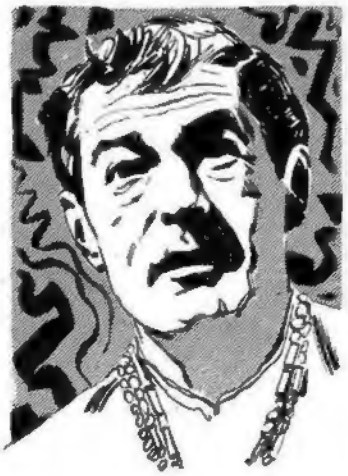
IS PARIS BURNING?





BOBBY BAKER

HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING



DR. TIMOTHY LEARY

FANTASTIC VOYAGE

ADAM
CLAYTON POWELL

A FUNNY THING HAPPENED TO ME ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM

A war that lasts only six days can't be all bad. all bad... To prove this point, just read this grisly Mid East correspondents, which we call—

The Battle of

Fred Wolfe in the Sinai

If the Russians were smart, they'd send all Middle East arms shipments direct to Israel, and cut out the middle-man!

Poor Abdul Nasser. Imagine having an entire army of "drop-outs!"

After the women's corps of the Israeli army had mopped up an enemy hill, they refused to allow their own muddy tanks to climb it, until they first put down some newspapers.

A new exotic dancer calls herself the "Gaza Strip." Not only that, she wears a black eye-patch—nobody dares to ask where!

The war was over so fast, Bob Hope didn't have time to pack his suitcase!

The Egyptian equipment was really up to date. In fact, after every tank battle, it was noticed that most of them were topless!

There was an unexpected Israeli infantry charge on one of the recent mid-east battlefronts. It seems the Israeli commander kept shouting for more howitzers—they thought he said more **Horowitzes!**

Another unscheduled Israeli military advance occurred, when someone out on the desert called for a doctor—and three Israeli divisions showed up!

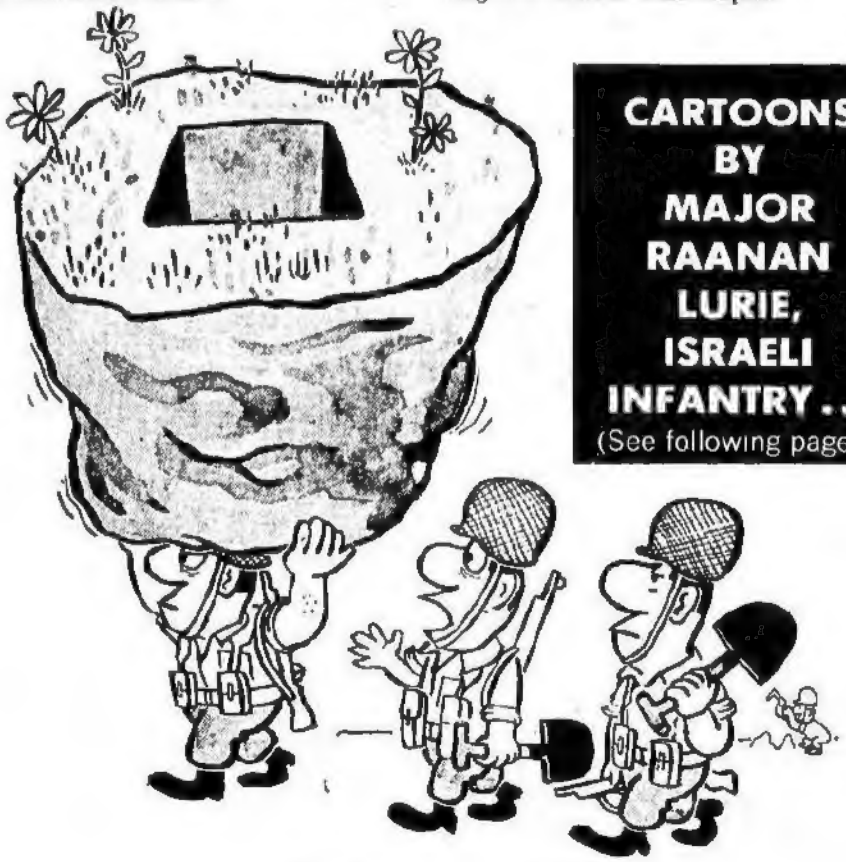
Fashion note: "Vogue" reviewed the Arab-Israeli conflict as a "Mini-War!"

They say that when Moshe Dayan can't get into a country club, he gets into the country.

For awhile, the Egyptian soldiers thought they not only lost the war, but also their minds, when they started to go snow-blind in the middle of the desert. As it turned out, it was merely the Israeli army taking a **sour-cream break!**

The Israelis were quite ingenious in improvising spare parts for their military hardware. For instance, whenever they ran out of spare tires, they simply replaced them with stale bagels!

Israel has great post-war plans for the Sinai Desert. They're thinking of getting rid of all the sand, and putting in a wall-to-wall carpet!



"But Moishe, you can't take your personal foxhole with you!"

CARTOONS BY MAJOR RAANAN LURIE, ISRAELI INFANTRY...
(See following pages)

Jokes about this war however, **can** be collection of battle bulletins by our two

the Gagsters

Paul Laikin in Tel Aviv

There's a big legal hassle over the land that Israel captured from the Arabs. Because of this, the President of Israel, Levi Eshkol, did a very smart thing. He put all of the new territories in his wife's name.

Nasser repeatedly denies reports that he's anti-semitic. In a recent interview he was quoted as saying, "Some of my best friends are Jewish." Then he added, "Unfortunately, none of them are alive at the present time."

A little-known fact about the Israeli military forces is that they don't even own their weapons, tanks or planes. They have them **catered.**

Rebellious youth is the same all over the world. In Israel today, scores of young Jewish "hippies" are protesting against their government's foreign policies. They hold sit-ins in delicatessens, organize marches on synagogues and carry all sorts of protest signs knocking their leaders. Some of the signs are pretty irreverent, like:
"David Ben-Gurion Eats Pork!"
"Goldie Meir Is A Yenta!"
"Levi Eshkol Smokes On Saturday!"
"Itzhak Rabin Pledges But Never Gives!"
"Abba Eban Hates Chicken Soup!"
"Moshe Shertok Is A Kvetch!"
"Georgie Jessel Is A Gentile!"
"Bagel Power!"

When Moshe Dayan returned home after a hectic campaign in Syria and Jordan, there was his wife standing at the door with her arms folded and a suspicious look on her face as she said, "So where you been?"

Because of the new property they acquired, Israel has already been infiltrated by the Syndicate mob. In Tel Aviv there is now an organization called the Kosher Nostra.

There's a rumor that the Sands Hotel is Las Vegas has booked the entire Egyptian Army for a two-week stay. They're featuring it as a comedy act.

A new money-making gimmick has started in Jerusalem. Guys now stand on street corners, selling dirty Israeli postcards to visiting French tourists.

A new prosperity has really started to boom in Israel. In a recent speech, the Israeli President promised his people "a boiled chicken in every pot.

Three wounded soldiers were lying in a field hospital somewhere on the Sinai desert. One was an Egyptian, one a Jordanian, the other an Israeli. The doctor told each of them that they would die within 48 hours, and asked if there were any last requests they had. "I'd like you to notify my family in Cairo," said the Egyptian. "I want to be buried near the Wailing Wall in Jerusalem," said the Jordanian. "And what would you like,?" asked the doctor of the Israeli. His reply was short and sweet. "I'd like to see another doctor."

Continued

"Yes, I'm connected with headquarters."

Latest gag from Tel Aviv:
"Why did the chicken cross the street?"
"To get to the other soup!"

The Battle of

Fred Wolfe in the Sinai

The Israelis are thinking of turning an abandoned Arab minaret into a "class" restaurant, like they have in San Francisco. Only, they'll call theirs: "The Top of the Mosque."

Oddly enough, Abdul Nasser was asked to stay on in office due to a "credibility gap" that **he** established. The Egyptians couldn't believe anybody could be **that** bad!

After viewing the perforated tanks abandoned by the Arabs, one Israeli soldier is convinced that they weren't Russian at all. Said he: "They look more like Swiss!"

Conversation overhead in Tel Aviv on July 5 between an Israeli soldier and his mother. **He:** "Ma, I won't be home for supper, tonight. I'm going to war." **She:** That's nice, but don't fight!" The windup is, **he** didn't listen to his mother, but the Egyptian army did!

Then there's the one about the inmates of an Israeli insane asylum. They all think they're David Ben Gurion.

If Egypt insists on the return of the Gaza Strip, Israel may take the Pyramids — claiming they were the original builders.

The Israelis have put captured Arab battle plans and maps to good use — they wrap herrings in them!

Despite the blockade of the Straits of Tiran, the Israelis managed to solve their oil problem — they used chicken fat!

After Nasser's wild dreams of victory were shattered, he immediately broke off all diplomatic relations with Professor Timothy Leary.

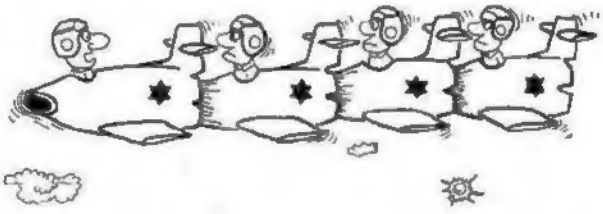
On the first day of hostilities, a teenage Israeli soldier asked his girl friend for a date that evening. To which she stated: "Don't you know there's a war on?" Undaunted, he replied: "All right, then. How about tomorrow night?"

The Israeli government is thinking of immortalizing Moshe Dayan by carving his likeness in stone, the way we do with our famous men. Imagine what they'll think a thousand years from now, finding a mountain with an eye-patch on it!

To quote an Israeli soldier: "Now I know what they mean about the Arabs being a backward people — that's all we ever saw of them!"

Apropos of the Arabs athletic ability: Who says the Arab troops weren't in great shape? At least 50,000 of their soldiers had no trouble at all running the four-minute mile! And, says one famous coach: "The Egyptians may not have much of an army, but they sure have one helluva Olympic team!"

***SICK* is honored to present these cartoons by Israeli portrait painter, *Major Raanan Lurie*, whose 6,000 mile dash from *Expo '67* (where his one-man show drew rave reviews) to the fighting front was the subject of a feature story in *Life* (June 30,1967).**



"I apologize for stopping suddenly."

"No fashion shows in my outfit, Shulla!"

the Gagsters

Paul Laikin in Tel Aviv

Since the Arabs banned all British and American movies, the people there have become film starved. To take care of this, the Arabs have started re-making old movies with themselves in the leads. Soon to appear as a double feature at Loew's Cairo:
Gamal Nasser as **Lawrence of Arabia**
King Hussein in **Here Comes Mr. Jordan**

The different types of people pouring into Israel is giving the country a real international flavor. For example, at most Tel Aviv hotels you can now see Spanish people dancing to Jewish bands.

Israel certainly has prospered. They just started a United American Appeal. First day out they sent us $40,000 in pledges.

Because of the current tourist interest in travel to Israel, a new guide book has hit the stands. The title: "How To Live In Tel Aviv On $4.98 A Day."

There's a story going around about an Israeli soldier on the first day of war. He got up that morning to find a note that his wife had run away with his best friend. As he left the house, he accidentally knocked over a lamp and burned the entire building down. While walking along the street, a mugger stopped him, beat him up and stole all his money. Finally, when he reported to his outfit, he was told the news that war had just been declared. He looked up, nodded his head slowly and said, "So... it's gonna be **that** kind of a day!"

Another story from Cairo tells of when Nasser, humiliated by his defeat at the hands of the Israelis, decided to end it all. He climbed out on a high ledge of a tall building and stood there, deciding whether to jump or not. Would you believe it — the cop at the window tried to talk **him into** it!

Israel is really feeling its new prosperity, especially in the field of medicine. A modern hospital just built in Haifa, has such things as:

oxygen tents with Arizona air
custom-fitted bedpans
4-color X-Ray pictures
machine-made circumcisions
oral syringes
hot-water bags that contain seltzer

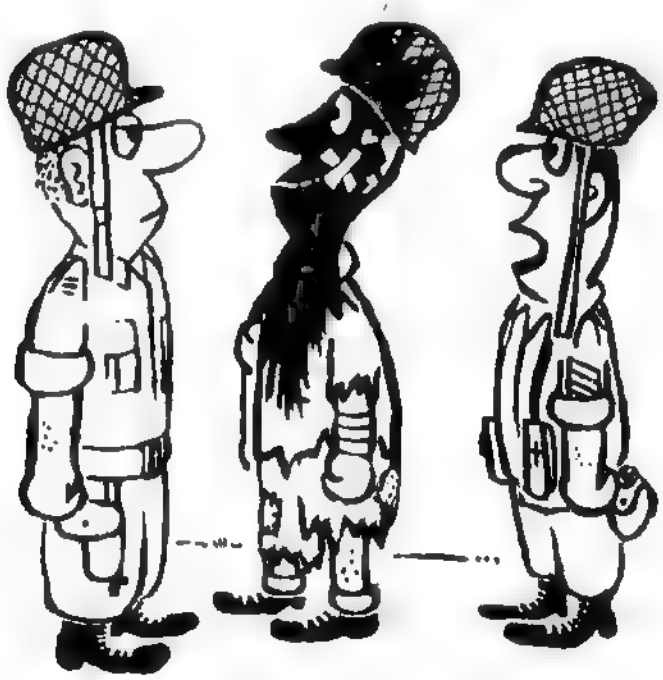
What's more, Israeli doctors are now working on a program to get the 7-year itch marked down to 5 1/4.

Missile technology in Israel has recently started to boom. Already they're making plans to send a man to the moon. That man is Nasser.

During the war, an Israeli soldier was captured and brought to an Arab Intelligence Outfit for questioning. Despite two days of torture, they couldn't make the man talk. Then they found out why. His hands were tied

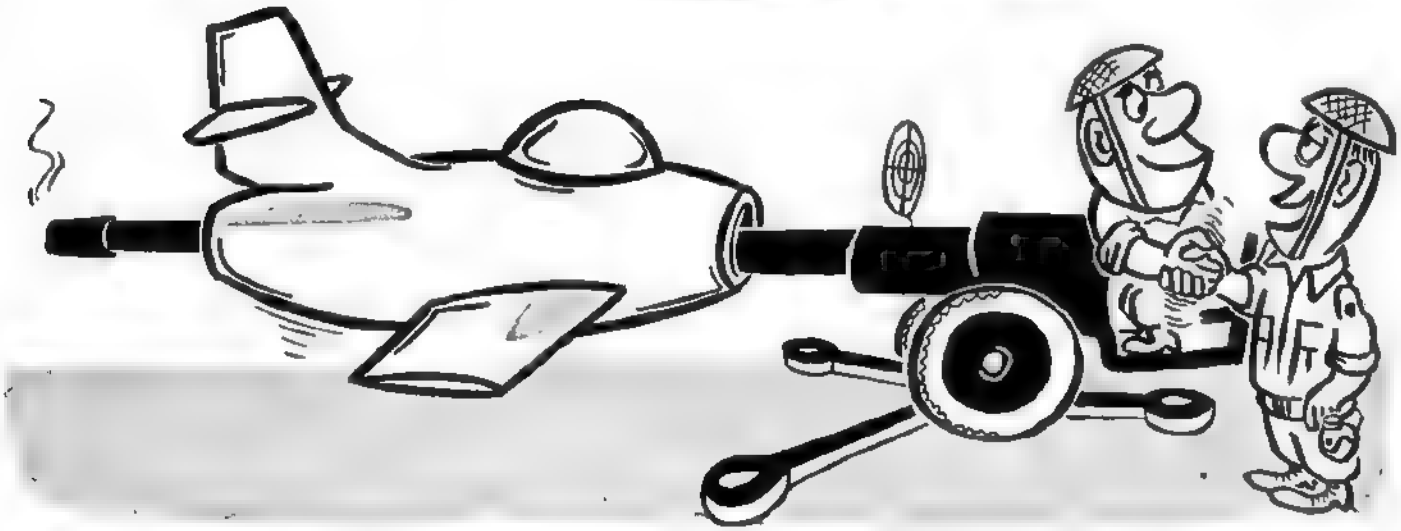
According to a recent survey, the top four songs in Israel today are:
"I Love Those Dear Hearts And Gentile People"
"Haifa Love Is Better Than None"
"Whatever Lola Wants, Lola Getz"
"I'm In Love With A Wonderful Goy"

"Look! The formation champs of the base!"



"Captain, this is our new demolition expert."

ON THE ISRAELI FRONT

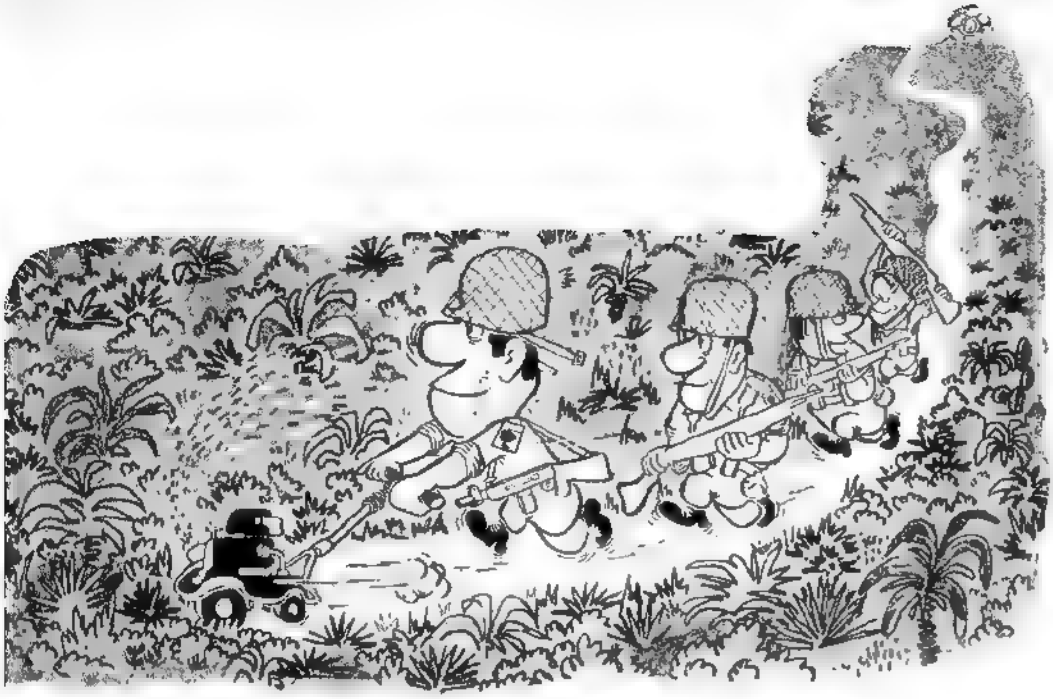


"That's what I call a bull's eye!"

BY MAJOR RAANAN LURIE, ISRAELI INFANTRY . . .

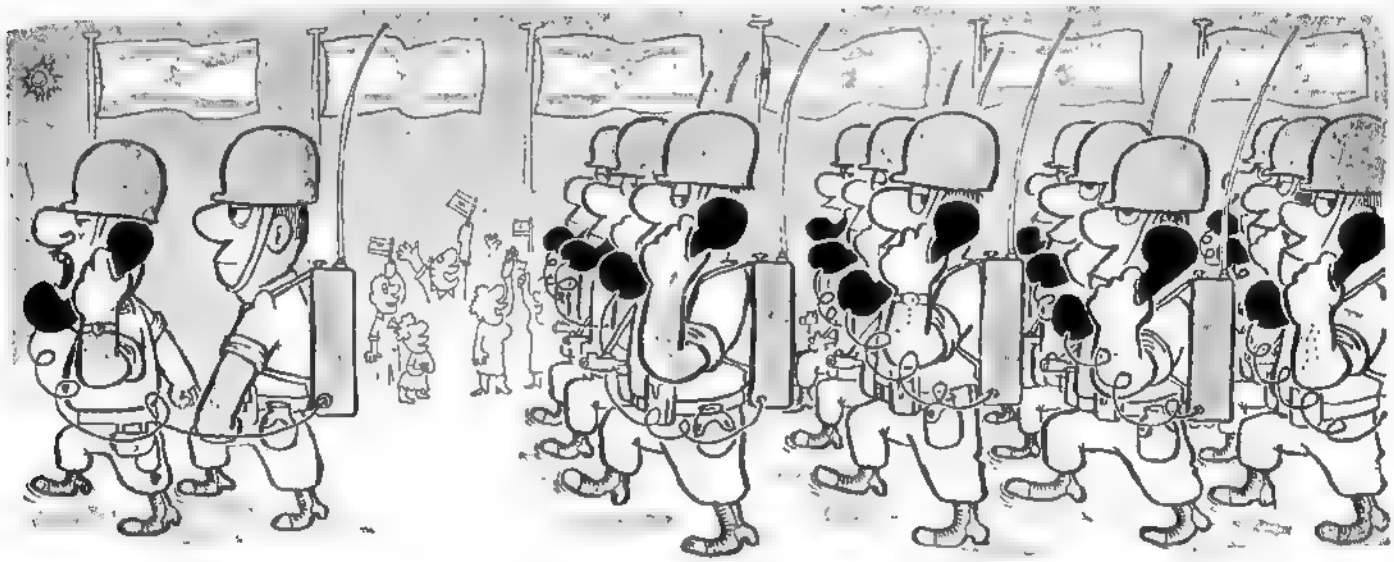
"Irving, stop tickling."

"It's quite difficult to penetrate the armor of the modern tanks!"

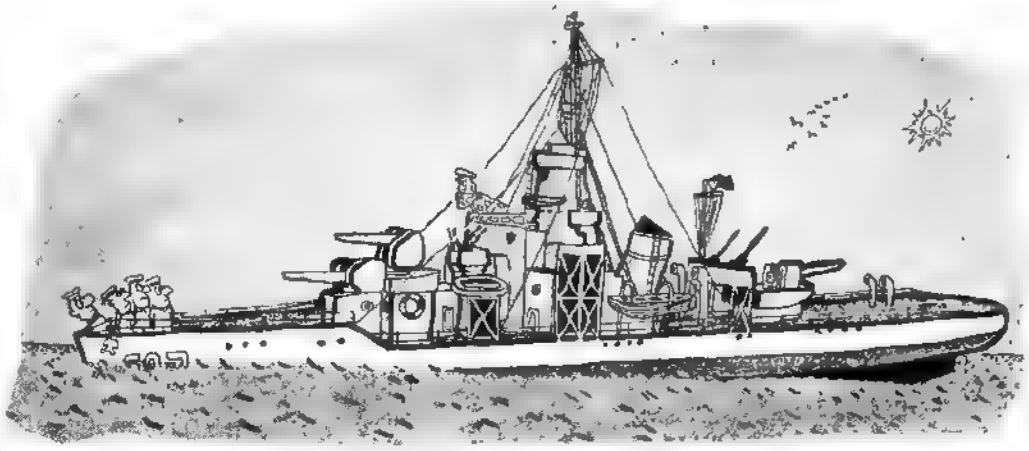


"Sam always finds a path."

"It's the compost, sir."



"Hello? Forward march!"



"Two of you to the stern—on the double!"

"Just the thing for hot weather."

The Love Generation

It has been said that love makes the world go round—that love is eternal and everlasting, a universal language. It seems that

How Different Love

Script by Paul Laikin

PSYCHIATRIST

MYRON P. FERDLIP
-PSYCHIATRIST-

November 19th

Dearest Rhoda:

I cannot rationalize my feelings any longer. I maturely love you. At first I thought you were just a mother image. I tried to free-associate to see why I was so emotionally involved with you. In my fantasy you were a Greek Goddess and I thought I had an Oedipus Complex. I showed hostility manifestations. But I've since resolved these anxiety conflicts and I desire us to enter into a mature relationship.

Myron

Myron

P.S. Could this be wish fulfillment?

BOOKIE

Hialeah Park

Friday the 13th

Hi there Baby:

I'll lay you 8 to 5 you don't know who this is. It's me--Archie! 3 to 1 you don't know what I want. It's you--baby!

I'm nuts about you, see. You're a real gas. I know we only met for 3 minutes 14 years ago but I like to play long shots. Meet me at the $2 window at 3 o'clock next Thursday and we'll get hitched.

Archie

Archie

P.S. 2 to 1 you don't show up!

ADVERTISING MAN

BBB ADVERTISING

Binton Benson and Boles
Madison Avenue, N.Y.

Wednesday

My only darling:

This is off the top of my head so let's toss it up in the air and see who salutes it. I'm 100% crazy about you, sweetheart. You're the mildest girl I've ever known. So warm, so friendly, so free and easy in my arms. You act twice as fast as any other girl--and I've made tests!

I want you to marry me. Only one thing though--I wish you'd change your soap!

Oscar

Oscar

everybody talks about love but lovers tend to express themselves in different ways. To show you what we mean, here are some passionate examples of...

Lovers Write Letters

Art by Angelo Torres

EXECUTIVE

RIGGS & MULCAHY
Investment Brokers

June 14, 1967

Miss Penelope Grovis
827 West 69th Street
New York, N. Y.

Dear Miss Grovis:
With regard to the latest developments in our current affair, I have noted the following:
In checking over my emotions, I find that I experience a chilling tingle in my spinal region whenever we meet. This has been construed by my associates and myself as a romantic manifestation.
Due to this unforseen turn of events, if you will kindly marry me at your earliest convenience it would be greatly appreciated.

Very truly yours,
R.B.
R.B. Sturgess
Sales Manager

SCIENTIST

September 24, 1967

Dear Phyllis:
It's a little too early to know anything definite but probability has it that these muscular vibrations I've been observing in the lower portion of my right ventricle (which I originally believed to be a malfunctioning of the pituatory gland) may be an emotional phenomenon generated by direct contact with you.
I am presently experimenting with this hypothesis. If my findings are correct--and tests prove conclusive--I will publish these feelings in a paper to you.

Sincerely,
Franklin
Franklin

HIPPIE

CLOUD NINE

MAN-
LIKE, BABY, YOU'RE THE SWINGIN-EST CHICK AROUND AND LIKE I GOT BIG EYES FOR YOU, DIG?

I'M REAL HIP TO YOUR JAZZ SO DON'T GO MAKING IT WITH SOME OTHER CAT WHILE YOUR DADDY-O IS AWAY.

I KNOW YOU'VE GOT AN UGLY FACE BUT LIKE I DIG DISTORTION.

I'LL MAKE IT TO YOUR PAD ON FRIDAY AND LIKE WE'LL SEND OUT VIBRATIONS, HEAR?

HOT LIPS

PLAYBOY

My Apartment
Midnight

Darling Cynthia:

I've never told this to a girl before but I—I—I love you! There, I've said it!
I know that I've been married 14 times—but they were just "girls" —not the right ones. You're the only girl for me. I knew it the minute I woke up from that party and found you there beside me. Meet me at my apartment tomorrow night and we'll talk about it some more.

Very sincerely,
Freddie

Freddie

By the way—if a woman answers, leave and come back later. Trust me.

LONGSHOREMAN

Pier 86
Loading time

Hey kid-
Dammit, baby, I go for you, you old bag.
I can't eat, I can't sleep, I can't curse, damn you.
We better get hitched right away, blast you- It's lousy living without you- [redacted]
Blast this [redacted] leaky pen!!!

Harry the Hunter

GANGSTER

Leavenworth Penitentiary

14th Year

Hey Shirl:

I'm gettin' out soon and want youse to marry me. Whattaya say, Shirl, baby?

I'm nuts about ya--ya got class, ya know what I mean?

Stick wit me, sweetheart, and we'll be rollin' in the stuff. No more stickups for me--when I get outta here I'm gonna go straight. Wait for me, honey.

No. 48735916

No. 48735916

P.S. Only 23 more years to go.

TEENAGER

At the Soda Fountain

Hi:

I know they say we're too young but what do they know. We're going steady now and I got a good job delivering newspapers and all I know is that I love you. Didn't I give you my best Paul Anka record to prove it? Doesn't that mean something? What I want to say now is--let's elope Saturday after the game.

All my love,
Billy

Billy

P.S. If it rains we'll make it for Sunday. I'll call you.

VAUDEVILLE AGENT

Rexall
Drug
Store

Booth No. 3

Baby Doll:

Caught your act at that party Saturday night and fell in love with you, kid.
You do a great turn. I'd really love to handle you. How about teaming up with me—for life I mean. I'll draw up the contract. I can do a lot for you, kid. I like your style.

Love
Max
Max

P.S. Don't call me, I'll call you.

MISER

WESTERN UNION TELEGRAM

SYA059 SY MNA038 (11)

(BY NA174) PDB EXTRA=TDN BROOKLYN NY 23 745A EDT

COLLECT TELEGRAM

Love you. STOP. Marry me.

R.G.

DOCTOR

Richard L. Grovis, M.D.

℞

RICHARD L. GROVIS, M.D.
New York, N.Y.

P.S. 3 times a day

INFANT

DEAR MARY JANE
I LUV YOU
WILL YOU MARRY ME
I HAVE A DOG
HIS NAME IS
ABDUL • I HATE
ABDUL • I LUV YOU.
DON'T TELL MUMMY.
SHE HOLLERS A LOT
YOUR FRIEND
TOMMY

What's this item about you working as a topless waitress?

How To Succeed in Business Without Really Trying is a movie that depicts the financial rise of a humble window washer and shows how modesty and humility pays off—because the window washer never once stepped back to admire his work.

However, he did peek in a few times to find out what was going on in the **World Wide Wicket Co.,** and pronounced his findings "joyously wicket."

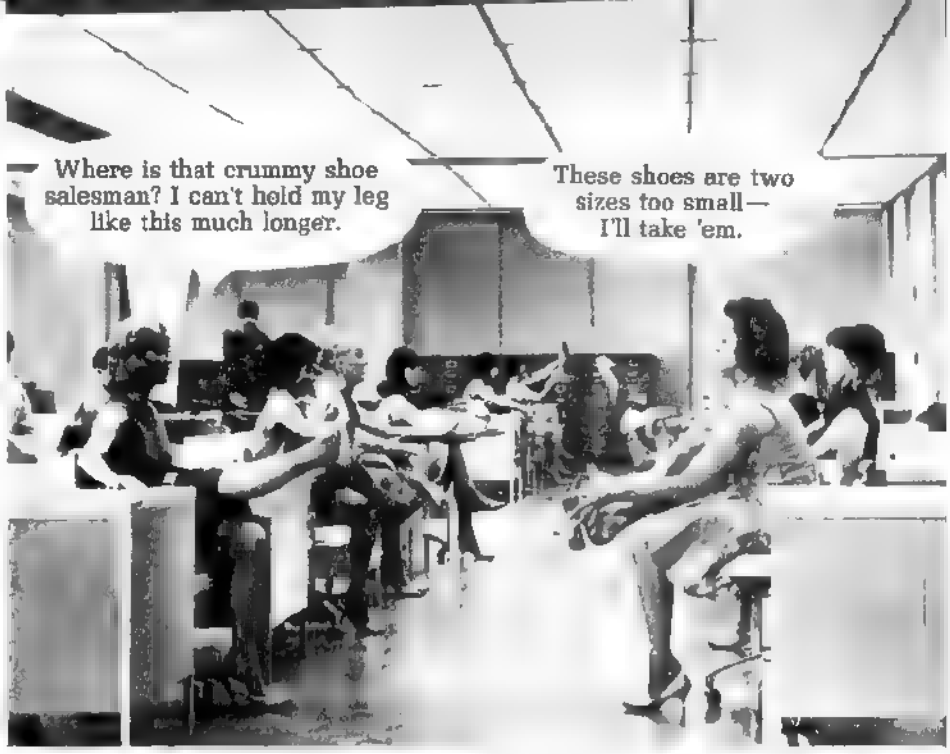
Robert Morse is the star of the film. Previously he starred in the Broadway version. It's rumored he is so used to the role he never goes anywhere without a bucket and a squeegee.

Rudy Vallee is back without his megaphone and plays the role of a business tycoon. There is no truth to the stories that Rudy Vallee is stingy with his money. Last year he took a trip to Switzerland and brought back echoes for everyone on the set.

The story is based on a book of the same name by **Shepherd Mead,** who has made so much money on it, that he no longer is a shepherd. This means that four dogs and 37 sheep are homeless, but let Lassie worry about that.

Now...How To Succeed, etc....

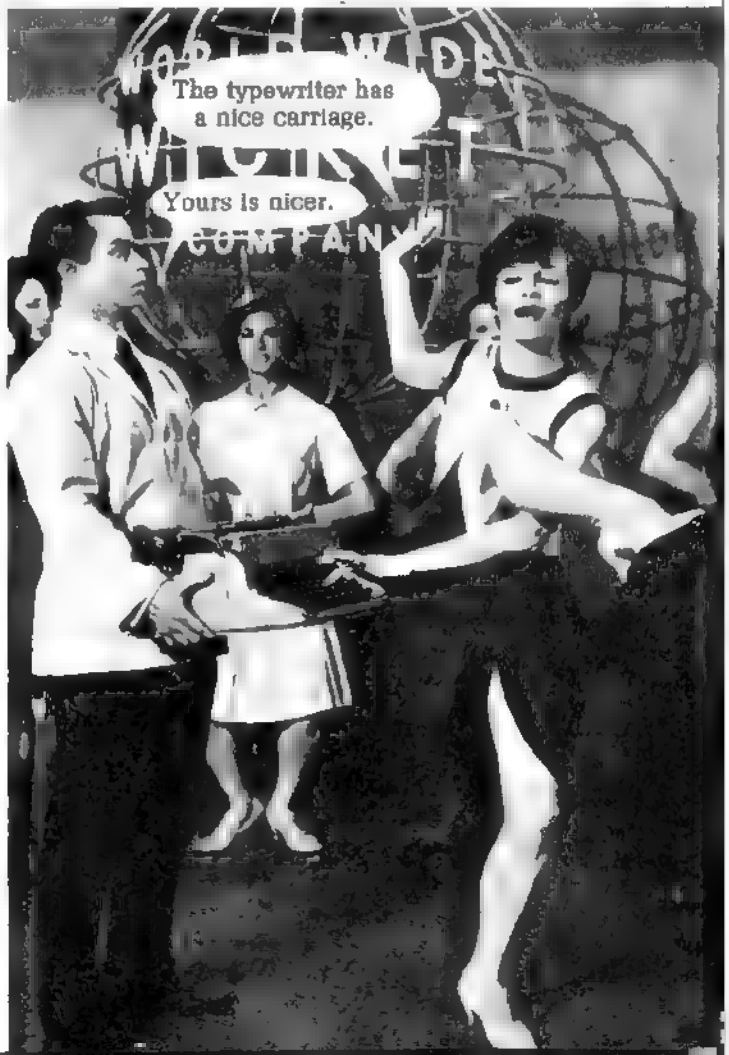
by Bill Majeski



2—This is the office force at the World Wide Wicket Co., and a few of the beauties that Morse peeks in on. This maneuver is called **The Dance Of The Footsore Typists.** They're sore in other places from sitting down, but the censors wouldn't approve that choreography. Fred Astaire is the typing teacher for these girls who can do 80 words per minute—or two choruses of **Tea For Two,** whichever occurs first.

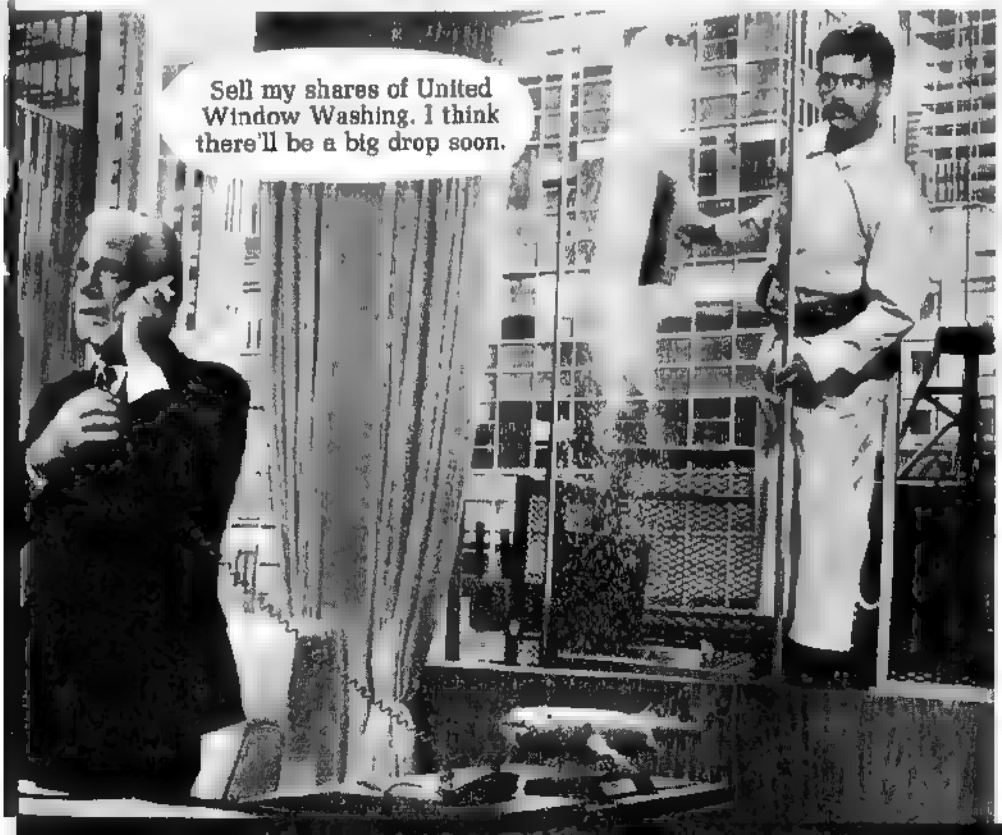
3—This is Morse's first step up the ladder at World Wide. He steals the letters from the office boy and shoves his head through the wall saying, "The male must go through." The fellow with the glasses on is so dull he gets his own personal mail at the dead letter office. But he's the boss' nephew and that counts, which is more than you can say for the boss' nephew. Morse says: **"Get ahead in business by smiling, no matter how many troubles the other fellow has."** This is the Morse Code.

4—A job applicant takes her typing test under the watchful eyes of a tyro personnel manager, and journeyman typewriter bearer. After eight hours of typing like this, the girl becomes frozen in this position—which is rough because she goes home on the subway. The typing position—sanctioned by the Better Office Workers League—is approved if the typist is among friends.



5—Ah, here's that venerable, much-revered singer who brings with him a bucket of nostalgia—Rudy Vallee. Rudy's the one on the right. The one with the cigar. Rudy is top executive at World Wide. This is his private secretary. She's so private he whispers dictation to her. He whispers 70 words a minute. She hears only 40 words a minute. But she hears the good ones. She is wearing the appropriate outfit for her duties—she does night work. Rudy is Morse's target. He must convince him that he is executive calibre. Rudy doesn't think he's a big shot yet.

6—Maureen Arthur, playing Rudy's friend and secretary, takes remodial walking steps to cure her bowleggedness. She's so bowlegged she served as the model for the original World Wide Wicket. Croquet was never more popular. With her as a wicket, a team of eight sportsmen played for six hours one day—without using a ball. Here she's trying to walk a straight line, an impossibility when you consider her build.



7—To gain more inside information about how to operate to his advantage, Morse goes back to his former trade wearing a moustache. The brush he's holding was his former moustache, but he gave it up as it made him look like a folk singer. The one he's wearing now was given to him by an explorer who grew it to cover up a mole under his nose. The mole was in the shape of a moustache Morse's father used to be a window washer until he fell from the 87th floor of the Empire State Building. Half-way down he was heard to say philosophically: "**Well, so far, so good.**" That's another Morse code.

8—Here's Rudy's private secretary again wearing a form-fitting towel he gave her for a present. Actually, she's a gardening fan and asked for a trowel, but Rudy's slightly deaf Or at least he pretends he is. How would she look wrapped in a trowel? She is being kept under cover (just barely) so Rudy's wife won't find her. The towel is the latest form fitting style. It sells for $8.95, slightly higher west of Jayne Mansfield. This girl does fine in it. Men come from miles around just to watch her hiccough.

9—Robert Morse, tie askew, collar opened and hair expertly mussed by Percy of Hollywood, puts a tender arm around the shoulder of the aged chairman of the board, J. Carroll Naish. Naish is so used to playing foreigners he takes accent lessons at the Berlitz School. One of his fellow students is Lawrence Welk. He listens intently as Morse explains his great business accomplishments—like widening the wickets when important clients come to play and inventing salty paper for making maps of the ocean as a World Wide subsidiary. Naish finds Morse hard to understand because he speaks perfect English, but promotes him to the top position—vice president in charge of beaded mallets for dainty croquet players.

10—Wearing a natty pin-stripe with button down collar, executive-type, button-nose Morse finds true love with a button-nose secretary, Rosemarie. Although she's the secretary, they get married and she'll be giving the dictation. That's **her** Morse code. He gets the message.

INVENTORS SECTION

The Inventors Show opens at the N.Y. Coliseum September 9th through the 17th (a nine day run). Tickets for children up to the age of 11 is $1. Adults $2.50. It's a true family fun show with wild, unusual and outlandish new inventions. This means everything from a pair of water shoes which enables you to walk on water, to a door alarm which goes off when anyone approaches outside of the door within six feet. The Alarm?—You hear a roaring, continous barking of a police dog which comes thru a special tape over an amplifier and would easily scare the pants off anyone with intentions of doing harm.

What to do with Your Invention

Well, anyone, yes anyone may have an idea that is worth a million dollars. What does one do when he thinks he has such an idea? Well, he can generally take it to a patent attorney who will either ask for a prototype or assign a draftsman to put this on a drawing board. In any event, one needs something an attorney can use before processing the invention. But this costs money. Money for an attorney, more money for the search of patent, etc.

For the novice, they can eliminate spending anything by writing to the Int'l Inst. for Patented Products, Ltd. This organization and its association can help advise and direct such novices who have great ideas, but do not know where to go. If idea turns out to be valid, not only will this office give them every benefit, but will also advance a loan if needed and help to secure this patent via their own good offices which is tied in with the Wash. patent office, Small Business Administration. Their address is 554 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y., Phone LT 1-5091. Write to either Mr. Roger S. Shashoua, President, or Mr. Harold L. Kleiman, Vice President.

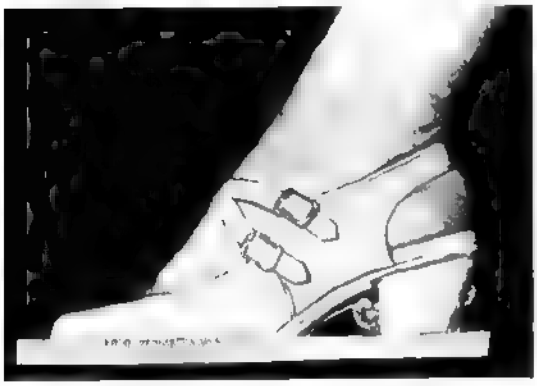
Here are some of the inventions featured at the Inventors Show—

SICK VISITS THE INVENTORS SHOW

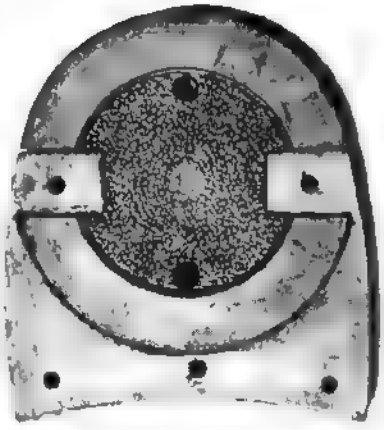
This inventor came up with the idea of the **"SQUARE Ice Cream Cone."** —Think it's possible this may have come about because the inventor himself is a ☐

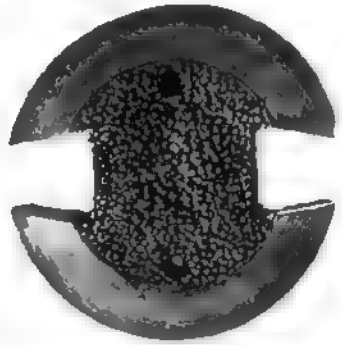
Digestable Safety Pins, now made of vegetable base, and dissolves if swallowed accidentally by a child.

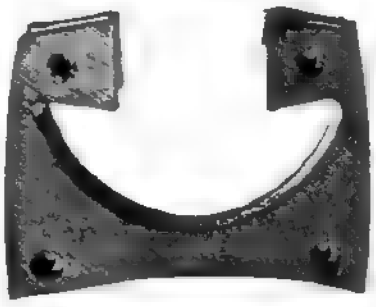
Robt M. Chymbur of Santa Monica, California, decided that it was just as easy to **walk on water** as on land, so he invented a pair of pontoons to prove it.



Musical Heel shimmering with rhinestones which decorate the sound holes. Designed by Annie B. Malone of Twin Falls, Idaho, can be heard 30 feet away.







This inventor likes to wear his heels down to the point where they just ain't wearable any more. As a result he came up with the idea of an **insert for the normal rubber heel**, which reverses into a new wearable surface when turned around.

Dr. Louis Sachs, of Baltimore, Md., invented a **pre-formed surgical mask** which comes in different sizes to fit any shaped chin and nose.

TOLL CHARGE best describes the latest device to discourage your buddies from calling on your phone. Plastic coin holder leaves little doubt that this is a hungry kitty which must be fed each time the receiver is lifted.

Edward Corbett of the Bronx, N.Y., came up with the marvelous idea of **adding real hair to ladies' curlers.** Now when the girl friend is doing her hair, you can pull her right out since with these new curlers she'll always look ready even though you know she's not.

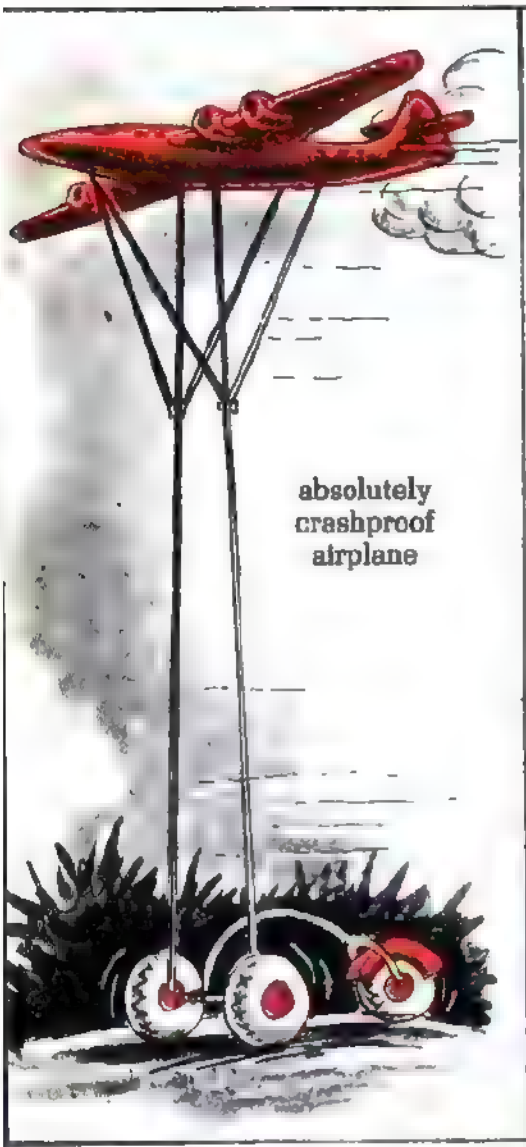
All purpose welder frame which keeps worker thoroughly protected, while it offers maximum vision. Knob at the top allows air to enter.

For the skier who wants to ski and reduce at the same time (without snow yet), it's the **Ski-Drive.**

SICK INVENTIONS

by B. Wiseman

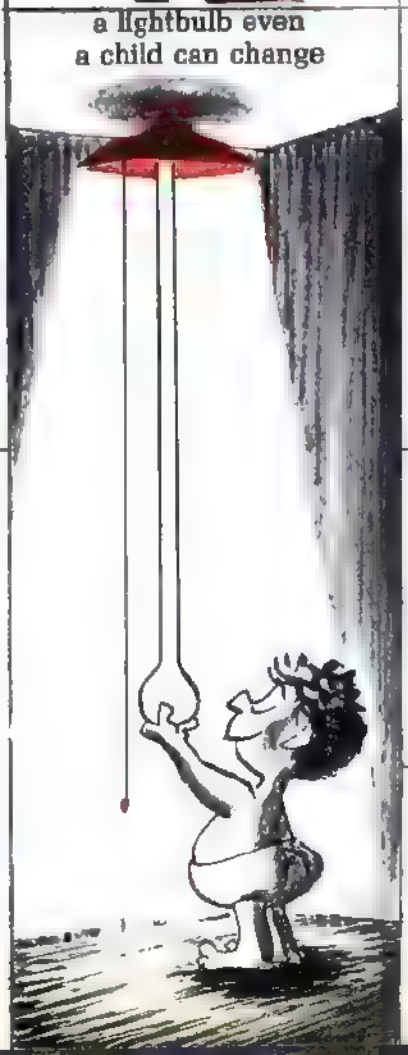
Once again SICK turns its attention to the world of science and presents more absolutely useless and stupid inventions.



absolutely crashproof airplane

necklace for talkative women

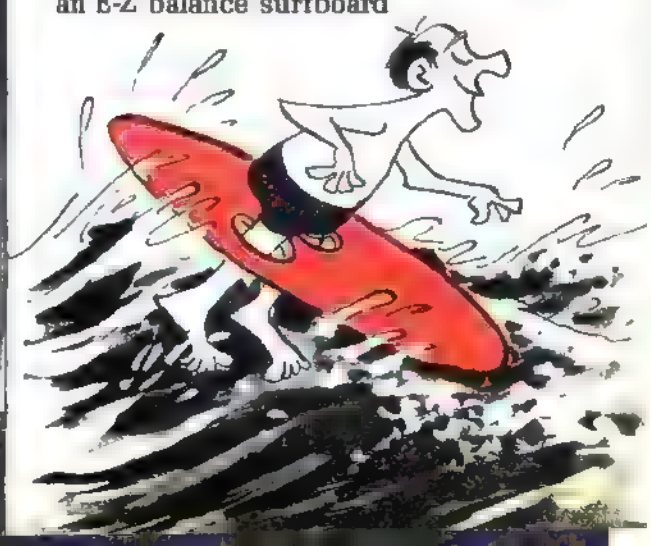
for kind horsepeople, humane spurs



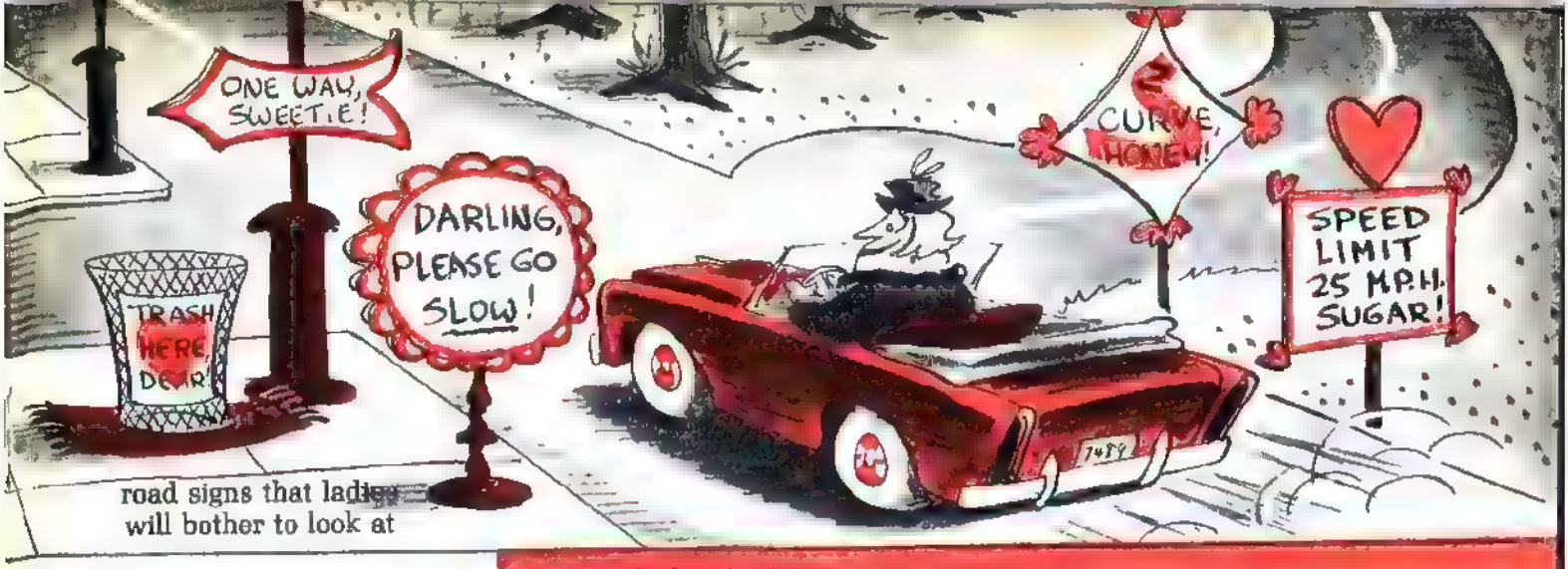
a lightbulb even a child can change

flyswatter for kind bug-ridden people

solid steel burglar-proof handbag



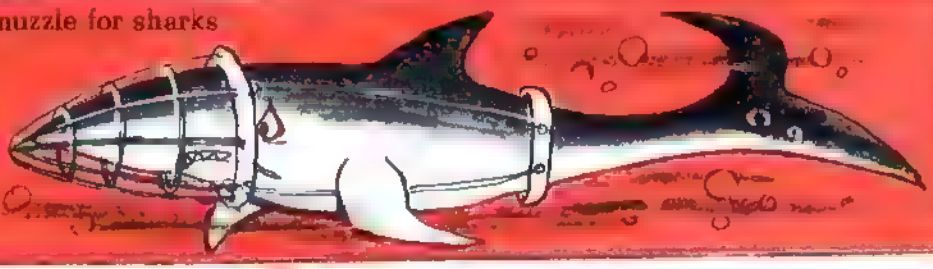
to help clumsy water-skiers, an E-Z balance surfboard



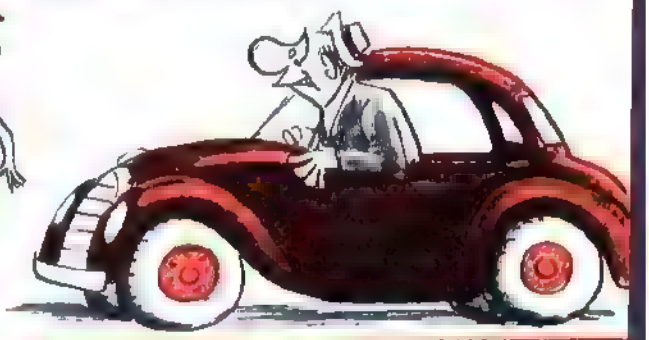
road signs that ladies will bother to look at

a hairbrush to match today's hair-styles

muzzle for sharks



proper hats for habitual jaywalkers



a rifle for pacifists

hat for people who like to walk in rain

cribs that will keep kids from climbing out

vacuum cleaner that will clean whole room in a real big hurry

INVENTORS' NEW PRODUCTS FOR

TEEN GIFT CATALOG

P908—TEEN TONGS

Do you want to make some extra money fast? Then send for our super earpiercer. It is a beautiful chrome-plated ice tong with pearl handles. An excellent gift for a teen-age gypsy. You can also use it for headhunting at your next rumble.

K332—LOUD GUM (HOLD YOUR EARS WHILE YOU CHEW)

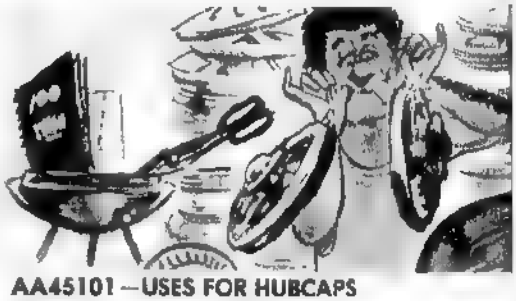
Chewing Gum that cracks extra loud. It will drive adults buggy. No one will be able to carry on a conversation while you're chewing. Perfect for kids who are being punished. Just chew our gum while mom and dad are watching their favorite program. They won't be able to hear a thing, so they'll chase you out of the house.

J677—TEEN UTILITY BELT

Teens! Are your pockets so overloaded with money you can't fit anything else into them? Then you need a teen utility belt. This belt has many valuable compartments. One compartment is air tight so you can keep your banana peels fresh. There's a compartment for exam ponies, candy bars, speeding tickets, employment rejections, and friendship rings.

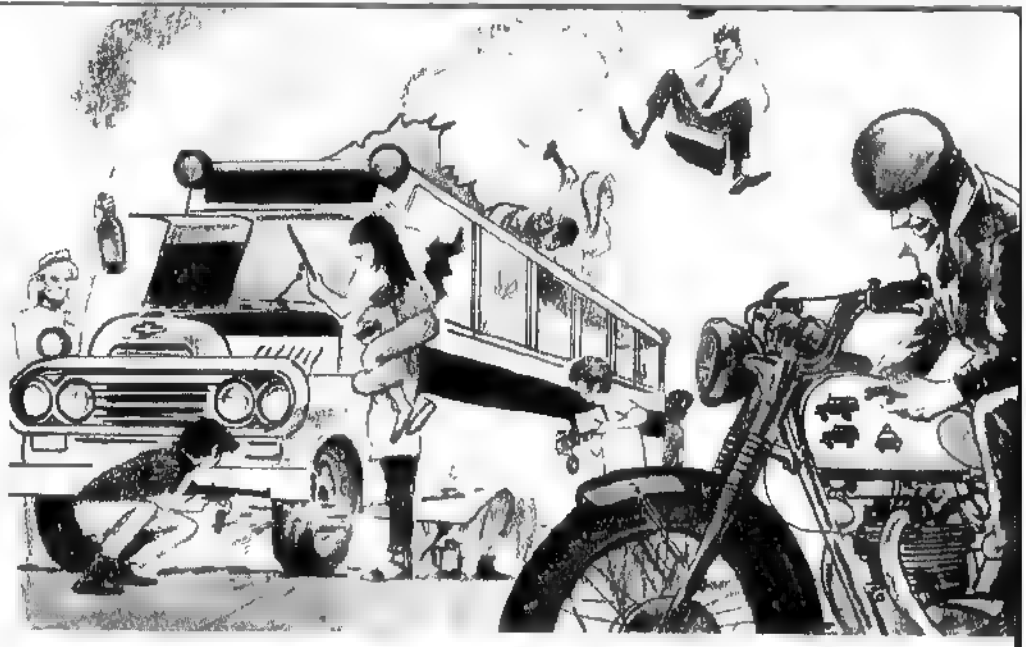
XX57—GORILLA TRANSLATOR

For hire: Interpreters and translators. Do you feel hampered in the adult world because you can't understand their slow, drawn-out language. We all know that adults talk only one third as fast as teens, and they don't mumble or slur their words. However, we must communicate with them sometimes. You just can't go through like shrugging your shoulders and playing charades. Send for one of our trained gorilla translators.



AA45101—USES FOR HUBCAPS

There's a goldmine in those stolen hubcaps of yours. Is your bathroom filled with hubcaps you don't know what to do with? Then you need our manual entitled "101 Uses For Hubcaps." It tells you how to make Mod earrings, jello molds, lazy susans, soup dishes for greasemonkeys, and many more.



L50—BUS DESTROYER KIT

Scholars, do you cringe when that orange and black monster comes to pick you up? Would you like to wipe a few of them out? Our kit is the answer to your prayer. Here's what you get:

1) 5 lbs. of sugar (for the gas tank)
2) Two bobby pins (for jamming the windshield wipers)
3) Ejection seat (for the bus driver)
4) This kit has the CIA Seal of Approval.

As an extra added bonus we give you bus decals. As you knock one out, simply put the decal on the door of your car. See if you can be an ace.

Q109—INSTANT PICKET

Have you arrived at a picket scene too late because you wasted a lot of time stealing material to make a sign? Well your troubles are over. **Instant Picket** is for you. Just think, you can be at any demonstration in seconds. You can spell all the four letter words you want. **Instant Picket** contains two sections: A 5'x5' aluminum board with 400 5" magnetized letters. Board and letters are luminous.

D444—PLANS FOR GO-GO CAGE

Build your own go-go cage out of car aerials. Hang it in the den or living room. You can watch TV or even eat and sleep in it. Mom and dad will love this one, especially when they put a blanket over it to shut you up.

D443—TEEN TRAVEL CASE

Teen Travel Cases for all you hippies. A must for protesters. Kit contains:

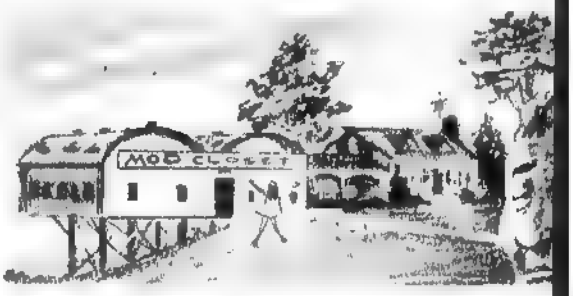
1) Comb with no teeth
2) Pint decanter of Canoe
3) A can of Right Guard with broken atomizer
40 A broken mirror that makes you look good

F68—DENTAL GLO

Do you want white teeth? Then we suggest **Dental Glo** for the teen who can't brush after **any** meal. It's easy. Just mix our dental glo solution with some ovaltine and skim milk, gargle it for two hours and watch the results. You'll have 30% more cavities, but your teeth will be whiter.

Q78—TEEN SHAVING BAG

Are you at the stage where you're being bugged by 5 o'clock shadow? Or is it real y 1:30 peach fuzz? Then you can use our teen shaving bag. Just two pieces. A high powered magnifying glass and a pair of tweezers.



V55—MOD CLOSET

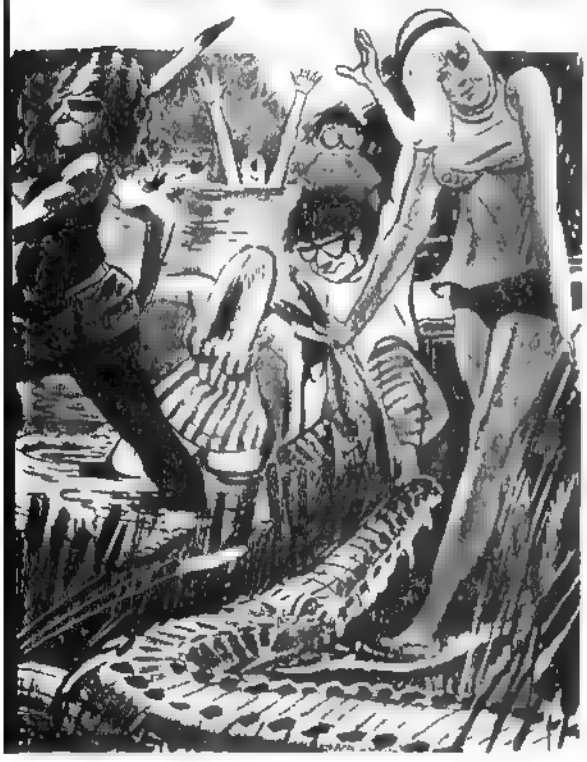
MODS! Are you running out of room to store your clothes? Are mom and dad complaining because they have to hang their clothes in the garage? Get yourself a **Mod Closet.** It can be assembled in seconds. Each closet contains over 30,000 square feet for storage. There's plenty of room for your boots, hiphuggers, earrings, and wigs. And for the girls, you can order your closet with a go-go cage in it.

INVENTORS' CATALOG

TEEN SERVICES

B74—TEEN DANCE OF THE MONTH CLUB

Join the **Teen Dance of the Month Club.** Learn dances like the **Mugger** and the **Riot** as soon as they come out. Get hip, baby. Be in with the "In Crowd," by learning the dances from the people who originate them. Enroll in our correspondent dance course right away.
Rama Walabalooo Dance Studios
Cannible Creek, Nigeria



Script by Francis DiBacco

Art by Bob Powell

O10—HIGH SCHOOL TRIP

Just arranged! Brand New!
High School trips for Dropouts!
Listen to this itinerary:
Dropout Freshman—All day at the city dump (Sale on all items displayed).
Dropout Sophomores—A day at the auto junk yard (maybe you can pick up a car).
Dropout Juniors—A six hour cruise on a garbage scow (sorry, no snacks).
Dropout Seniors—A 50 mile hike through the Okeefenoke Swamp (if you step in quicksand, yell for help).
Write us immediately—only a limited number of seats available. Make your mark on the order blank. Do it now!

Join Our Union

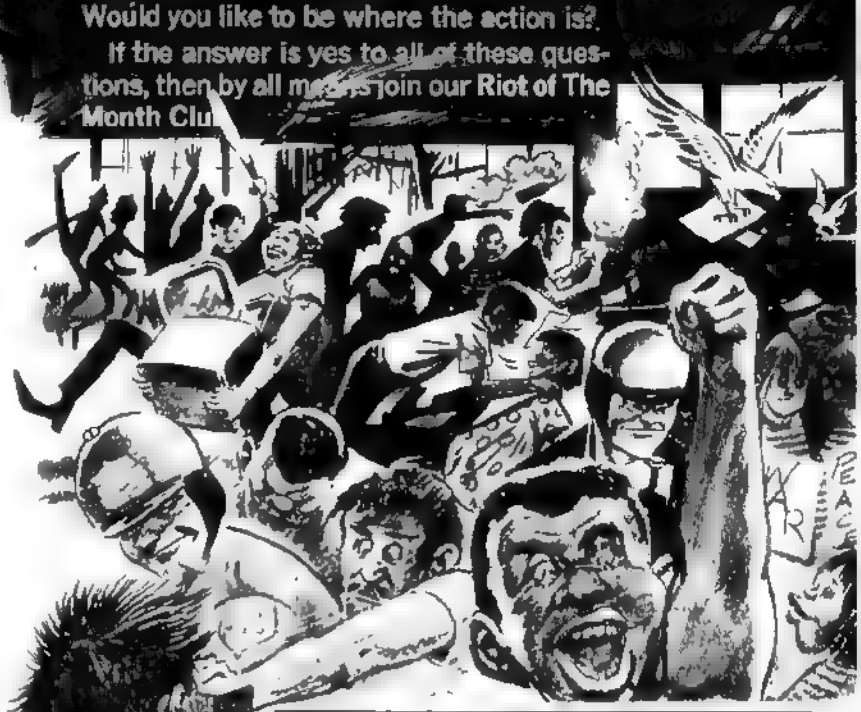
M316—A.F.O.T. MEMBERSHIP

Teenagers join our union! Fight adults as a single body. The A.F. of T., The American Federation of Teenagers, welcomes you to join our fraternal organization. Here are the benefits we're pushing for:

1) Minimum allowance of $35. (sorry, pops, work a third shift).
2) Three hour baby sitting limit at $8.00 an hour, with two coffee breaks, lunch and recess.
3) No chores on Saturdays and Sundays, plus eleven paid holidays.
4) Christmas bonus of $300. or equal to that in records, clothes, hair spray, and Clearasol.
5) Four Month paid vacation and a Retirement plan which begins as soon as you drop out of high school.
6) TV rights from 7:15 to 11:00 (We'll let Mom and Dad watch the 7 and 11 o'clock news).
7) Use of Dad's car anytime except his birthday (#7 will be enforced only if you give Dad all your old school tokens).

We're Looking for People who Like to RIOT!

Teens: do you have any spare time? That is, do you have any work time? Would you like to be where the action is? If the answer is yes to all of these questions, then by all means join our Riot of The Month Club.



Here are some of the places you go:
LAUDERDALE IN THE SPRING
WATTS IN THE SUMMER
BERKELEY IN THE FALL
THE CITY OF YOUR CHOICE IN THE WINTER

G1000—RIOT OF THE MONTH CLUB

You'll be in sit-ins, wade ins, protests, peace demonstrations; learning how to smash windows, bait the police, overturn cars, mix molotov cocktails, and break National Guard Cordons. Why in no time at all the F.B.I. will start asking questions about you.

Here's some more good news: you don't have to bring a suitcase, just wear the same clothes for as long as you like.

And don't worry about room and board. It will be paid through the courtesy of the local police department.

If you join now you will be eligible for our July 4th celebration at Disneyland. This is our annual riot convention which is attended by the Hells Angels, the Ku Klux Klan, The Black Muslims, The Mafia, and the American Nazi Party. Guest speaker will be Billy Graham.

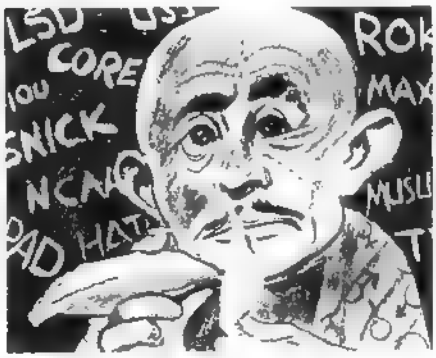
Hair Styles

FREE HAIR-STYLE PATTERNS

Send for samples of the latest hair styles. Pierre Hair Stylist has the pattern for you teenagers. The three most popular styles today are:

1) **The John Wilkes Booth**—shaggy hair, mustache, and sideburns. This is the favorite of the college intellectuals. It gives you that sinister look.

2) **The Judas**—Shaggy hair and full sized beard. This has caught on amazingly with the hippies and degenerates. With this beard you'll look dirty, even to a beatnik.



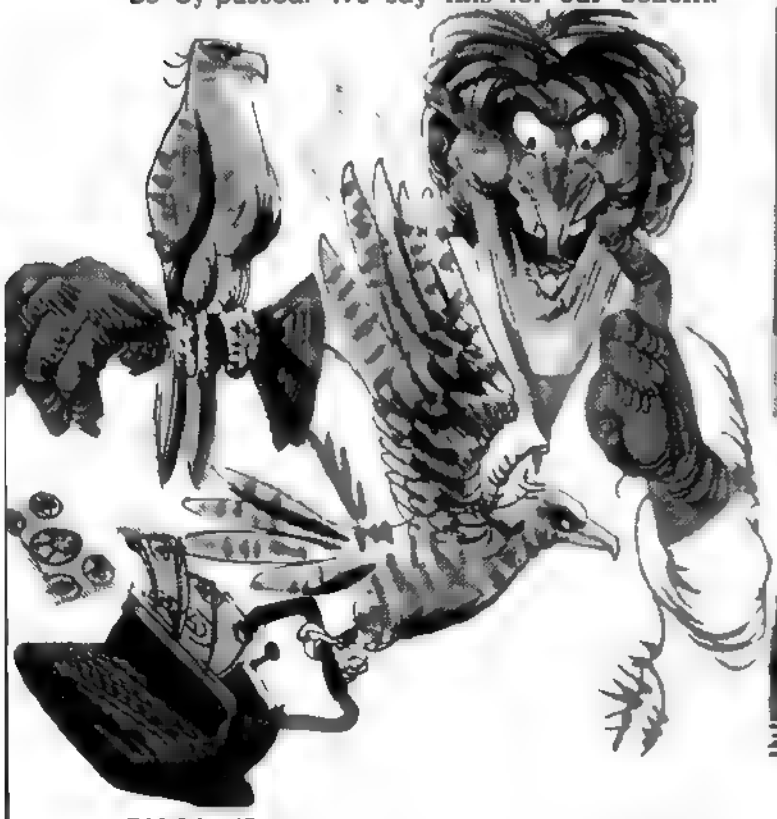
3) **The Satan**—Bald head, Goatee, and pencil mustache. This style is very popular among wierdos, especially leaders of religious cults. **The Satan** is recommended if you want to be alone, because you'll look so sneaky even your mother won't be your friend.

Uncrowded Occupations

What next, young boy and girl of America? Where do you go when you leave school? What field will you enter to make your mark in the world? Or, more important, make your dollar in the world. As a long-range placement service, SICK herewith offers a list of fields which are not overcrowded; fields which offer fine pay and an interesting career.

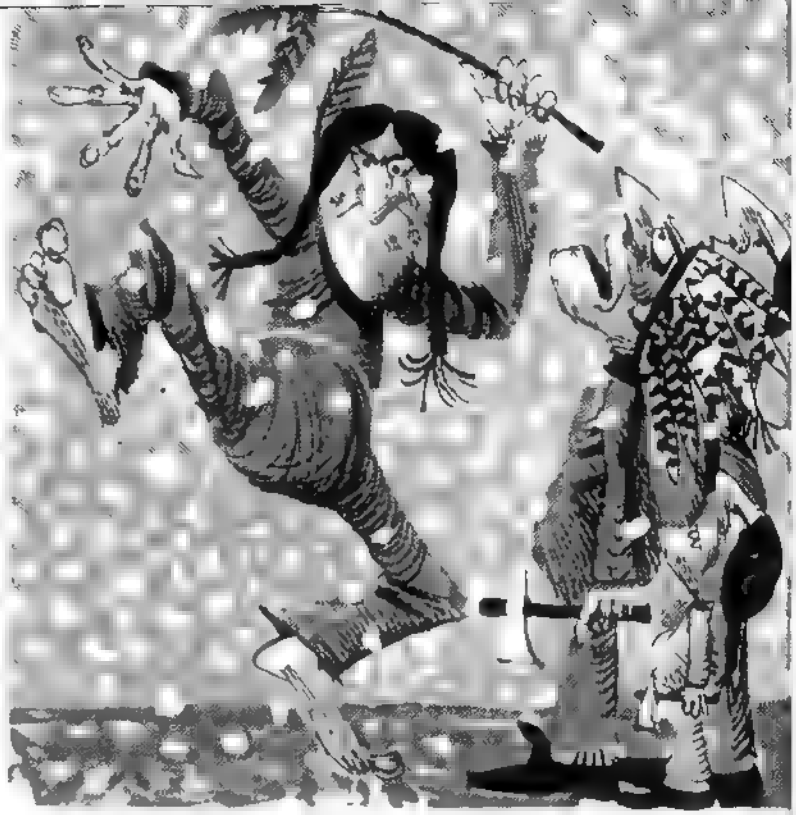
THE PROFESSOR

Competition for jobs in certain fields becomes greater each year. Fields like engineering and bookkeeping are increasingly difficult to break into without the help of a relative. We give this advice for your benefit. Cartooning is also overcrowded and should be by-passed. We say this for our benefit.



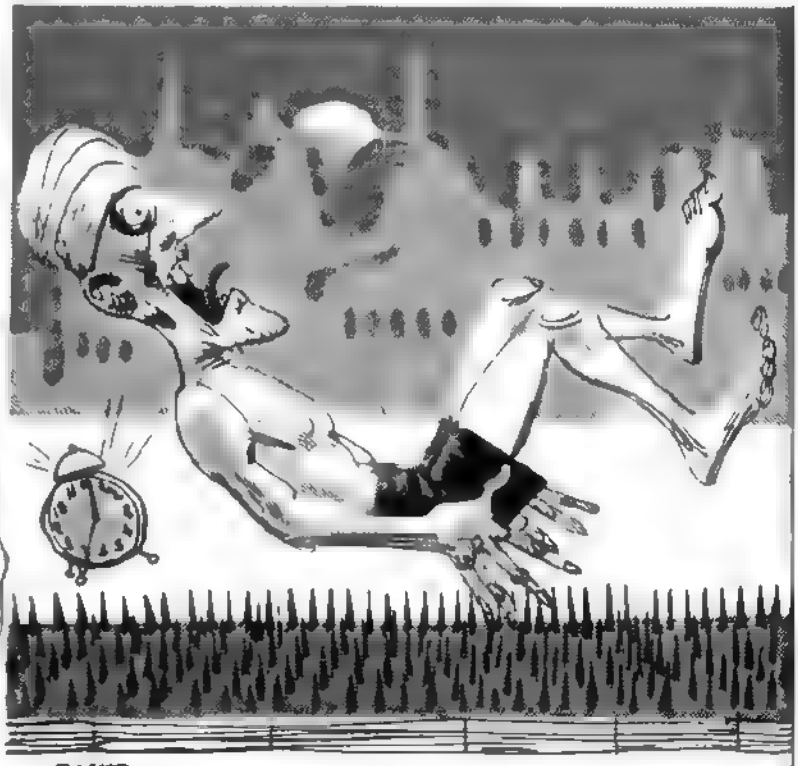
FALCONER

You can earn good money while subtly giving society the bird. There's a boom of birds in show business (witness Lefty and his Talking Bird, etc.,) and training falcons to sing, dance and do imitations of Ed Sullivan pays well. Training Ed Sullivan to imitate a falcon pays better, but is tougher to do.



RAINMAKER

Starting salary in this little-known field is $100 weekly. But that is just a drop in the bucket compared to the possibility if you succeed. One recent graduate was so successful making rain, he made an additional fortune renting lifeboats to residents on Indian reservations.



FAKIR

Not to be confused with an American politician, a six-month training course in Indian is required. Most companies in need of fakirs pay travel expenses and include a Murphy bed with nails. Pliers and a good friend to remove the nails are also supplied. Fakirs play tricks, are devious and create an aura of mystery. On second thought, fakirs can be confused with American politicians.

BOWERY GUIDE

Travel agents report growing number of pilgrimages from foreign lands to the Bowery, soon to be designated a national monument. The age-old lure of drunks lying in the street is a potential goldmine in tourist dollars. Suggest you get in on the ground gutter.

ANIAMAL PSYCHOANALYST

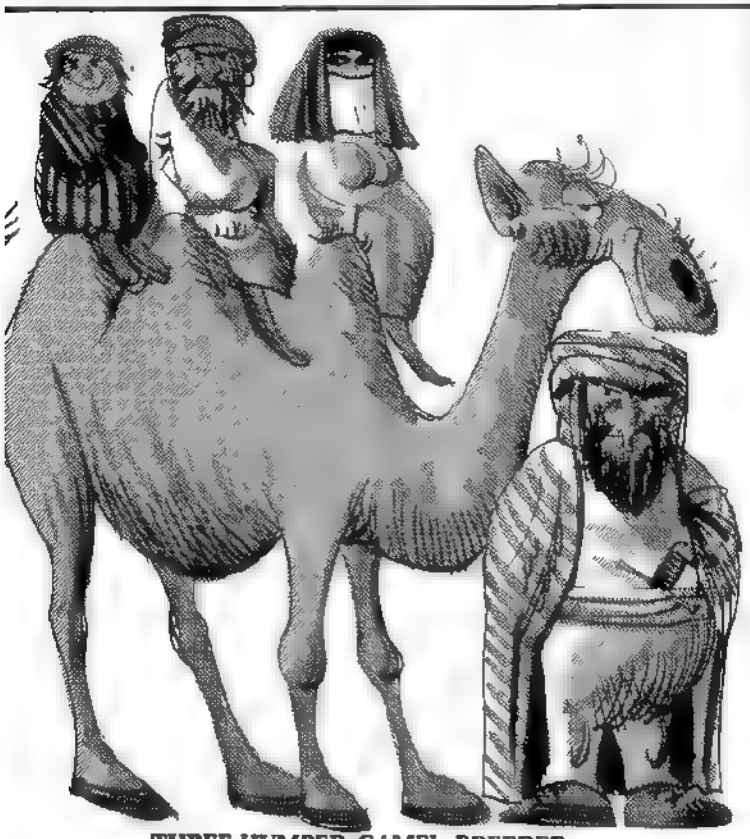
This is probably the most lucrative profession of all. However, be careful not to allow elephants on the couch. Also, please remember to fumigate your waiting room regularly. Like every 9 minutes. Dogs, who are more neurotic than other animals due to their close contact with humans are your best bet if you care to specialize.

BUFFALO SANCTUARY KEEPER

The rumor that buffaloes are becoming extinct is pure fabrication. Indians are breeding buffaloes at an alarming pace in an effort to get back to the good old (i.e., pre-Custer) days. At the moment there are 8,321,432 buffaloes in this country, most of which need keepers at the sanctuary. Hold it. Now there are 8,321,436 buffaloes in the country.

GIANT TORTOISE DECORATOR

Tourists returning from Galapagos Islands are responsible for this latest "in" fad. Instead of writing "Marge-Coney Island-1967" on the back of a midget turtle, you have an opportunity to express yourself fully with a novellette or 700-stanza free-style poem on the back of one of these babies. Unscrupulous operators have already invaded the field. They train homing giant tortoises, who are sold and then, sneak back home at night. The operator erases his paint and re-sells the same tortoise again and again. Be honest!

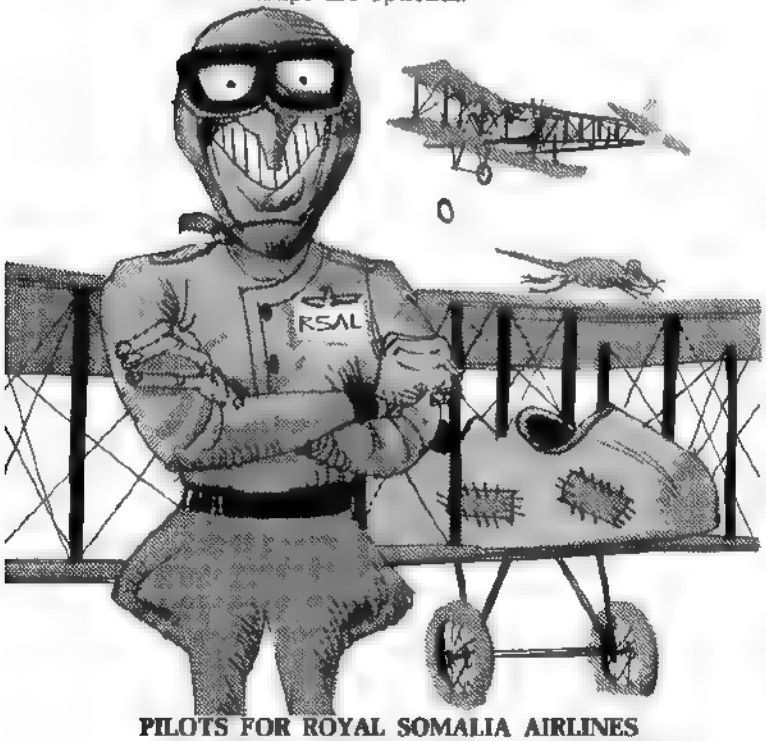


THREE-HUMPED CAMEL BREEDER

To clarify any confusion right now, the camels have three humps, not the breeder. The three-humped variety is now in vogue since the buddy system has taken over in the desert. Camels with sidecars also appear to be on the upswing. White-walled humps are optional.

CUCKOO CLOCK DESIGNER

Time is running out on this one, so act fast. People from all over the world are designing cuckoo clocks, especially young married men who use their mothers-in-law as prototypes. All sorts of birds may be used in your designs, from sparrow to hawk. Lovebirds however are to be avoided. They come out on the hour, go back in and often forget to come again.



PILOTS FOR ROYAL SOMALIA AIRLINES

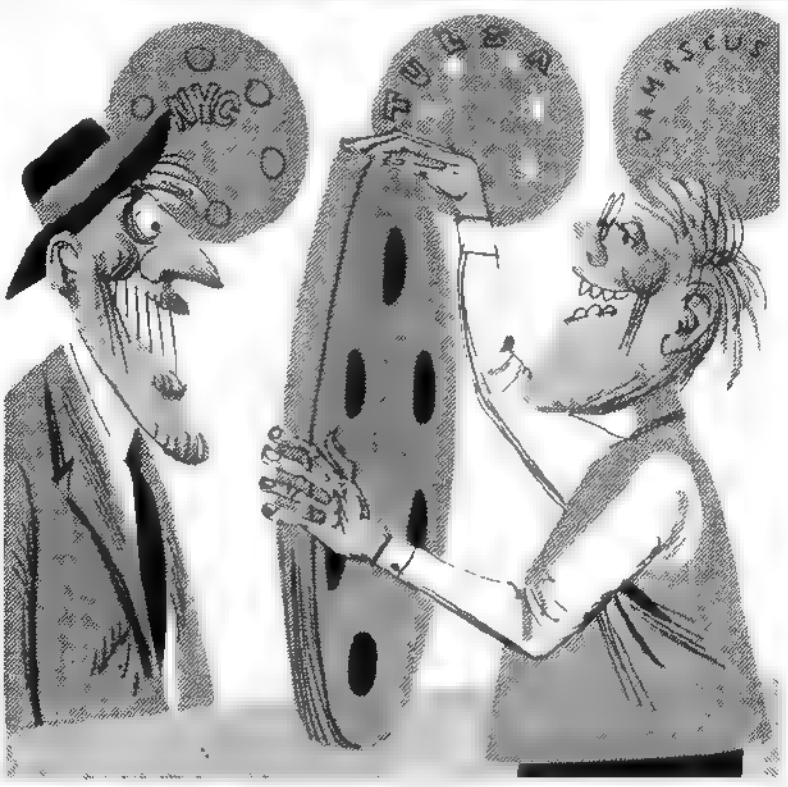
For those guys who dread being tied down to desk jobs, this is it. You'll be tied down to one of these vintage crates, known in the trade as Flying Coffins. It's the only way to go down with your ship. Speeds range up to 87 m.p.h., while a passenger complement of 23, including 18 pgymy crew members, is standard. There are no in-flight movies for your entertainment, but every 20 minutes, a pygmy hostess in a tight skirt made of leaves walks slowly through your cabin.

ROLLER SKATING BULL FIGHTER

This is not as difficult as it sounds because most bulls are very clumsy while wearing roller skates. However, you may not be very agile on skates either, and that's where the trouble begins. Schools for beginners such as the Dream-a-bull Roller Rink at Matador, Kansas, give a life-time supply of tourniquets (three of them to be exact).

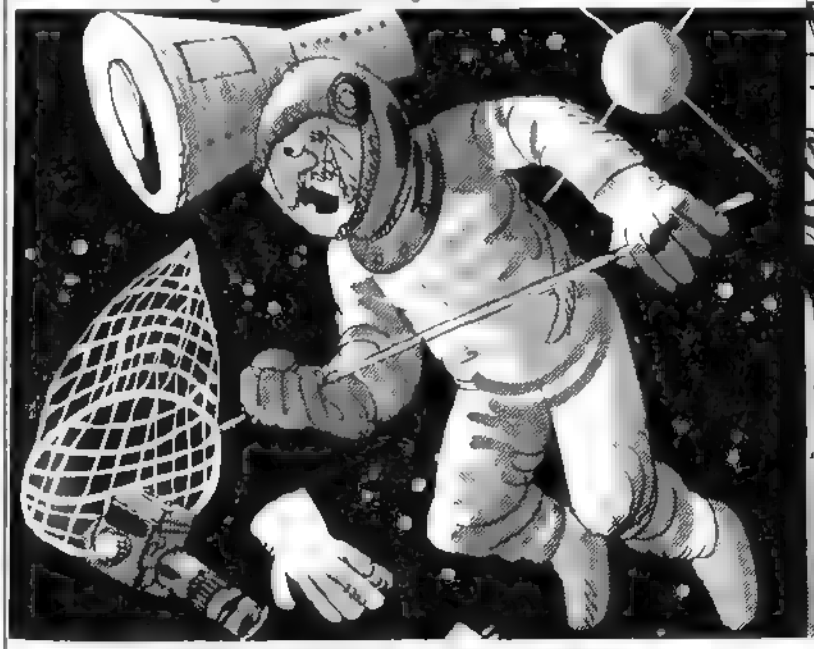
LAND DEVELOPER IN DEATH VALLEY

Death Valley, on the outskirts of Los Angeles and Tombstone Gulch, is the site of the latest land boom. Actually, the boom is caused by low-flying jets which crack the sound barrier as well as the sides of many Death Valley houses. Last Water Hole, Bleached Bones and Empty Saddles are the colorful names of the newest developments. Why not get in on it? Bring water



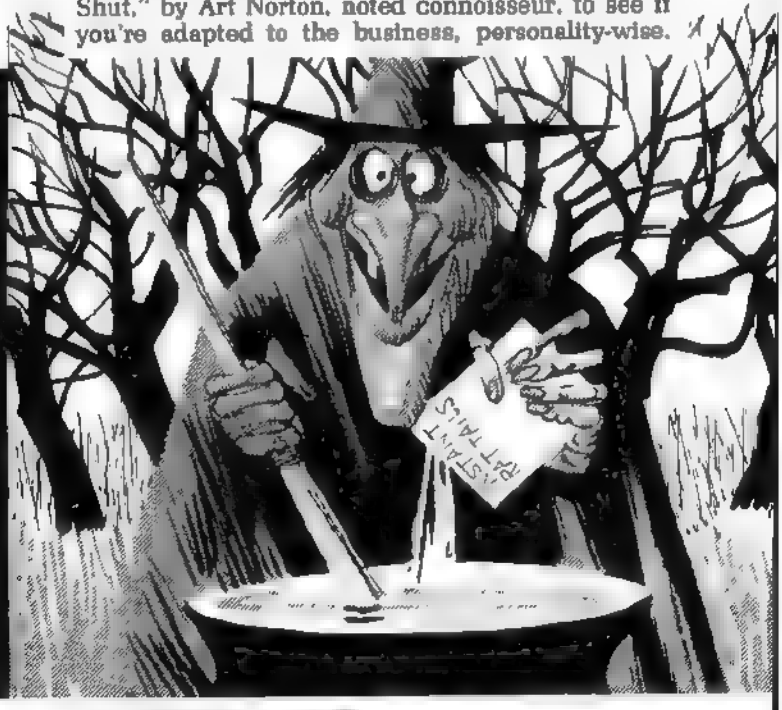
USED MANHOLE-COVER DEALER

New York City is the hotbed of the used manhole market and if you chose this hobbyist-oriented field, you should relocate. Beware when starting in the business, as sharp operators abound, who will try to palm off simulated manhole covers, many of which are expert imitations. As a primer before entering this field, read "Manholes—Open and Shut," by Art Norton, noted connoisseur, to see if you're adapted to the business, personality-wise.



SPACE SALVAGE COMPANY OPERATOR

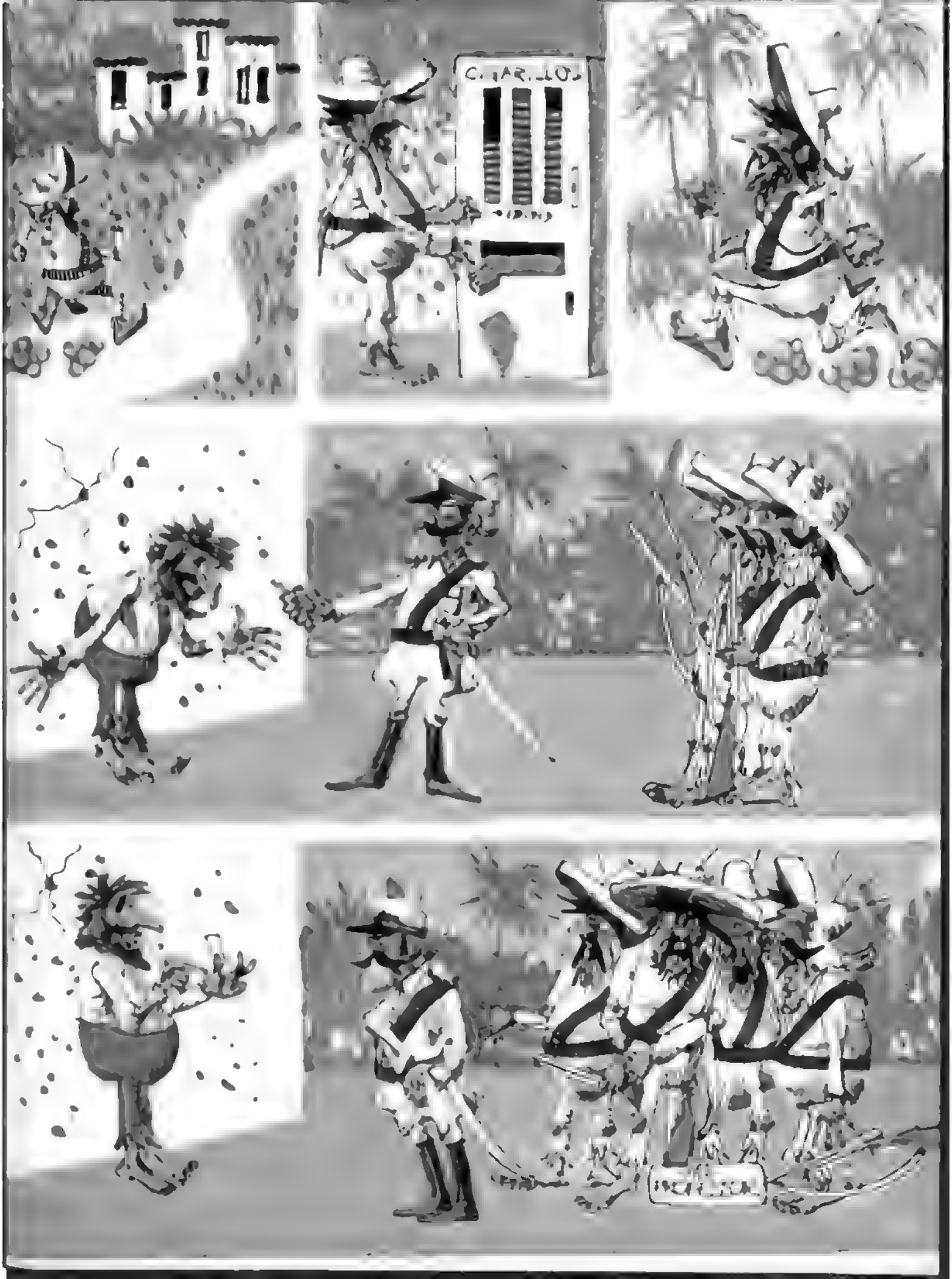
Junkyards in the sky are being predicted by all the space experts. Tomorrow's motorists, tied up in heavy highway traffic today, will soon be taking their outings in the stratosphere. Since new heating pads, lift thrusters and other parts are beyond their financial means if bought new, salvaging parts and debris in space will offer you a grand opportunity to turn a quick buck. Look up!



PROFESSIONAL WITCH

Once a proud profession, professional witchery has fallen by the wayside since the vacuum cleaner has replaced the broom. It's hard to find extension cords that reach very far. However, a revival is in store, and the field is crying for new faces. Where are tomorrow's witches coming from? That's entirely up to the younger generation. You hold the answer to the witch problem in your hands. Act now!

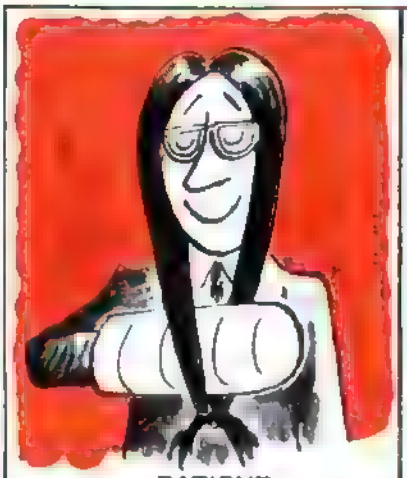
Last Request



Young Men's Cop-Outs for LONG HAIR

Long-haired young men are continually bugged by adults asking them why they don't get haircuts. Since there will never be an answer to satisfy the older generation, SICK suggests that long hair be used to such. Nobody can deny the advantages of these examples.

by B. Wiseman



PATIENT

ROBBER

DOG OWNER

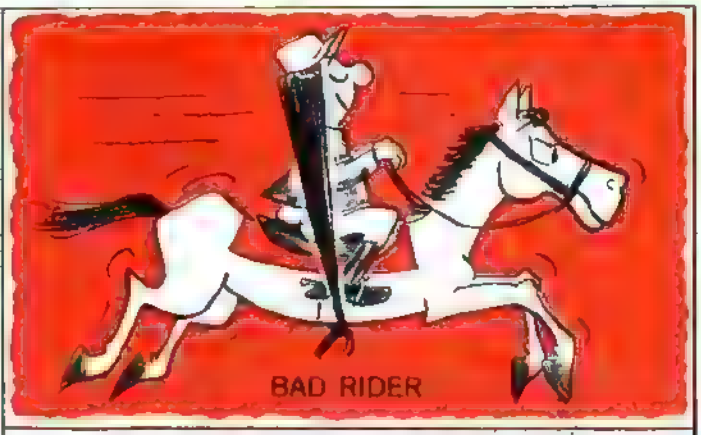
TOOTHACHE VICTIM

LION TAMER

FOOTBALL PLAYER

DETECTIVE

MOUNTAIN CLIMBERS



BAD RIDER

COWBOY

POKER PLAYER

GOOD RIDER

NUT

SKIER

AND, OF COURSE, GIRLS COULD BENEFIT TOO!!

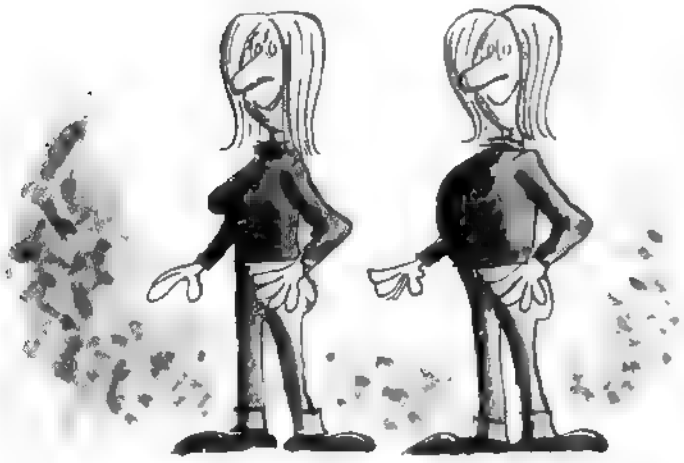
The Compleat

How to Form Your Own Group

By Dr. Sickmund Fraud, author of the controversial work on small groups, entitled: "I Married My Split Personality!"

"Contrary to popular belief, such groups as the Beatles are not a modern phenomenon." Thus states Dr. Sickmund Fraud, eminent scientist, and part-time pool hustler. The doctor, who is also one of our top "headshrinkers" (having done his undergraduate work with the head-hunting Jivaro Indians in Brazil) contends that since there is nothing new under the sun, groups must have existed ever since the first man—met the first woman! To support his thesis (and his two girl-friends) the doc has allowed Sick magazine the honor of depicting his theory. And, as a bonus, he also includes a few tips on how you can form your own group (Two-headed people need not read on).
Says the doctor: Several vital elements must be present if a successful group is to be formed. They are:

1. It is necessary to be **A)** a boy
B) a girl



If you are undecided, it may prove detrimental to your musical career, but will be a big help with your draft-board.

2. **The next important step is the coiffeur,** or hair style which you must have. That is:
A) if you are a girl—long
B) if you are a boy—long

So, first of all, grow hair. I know this might sound like pretty "strong" advice, but I advise the use of fertilizer which, even if it fails to grow hair will 1./make you stand out in a crowd, and 2./guarantee you a seat on a bus. Then, consult a stylist, such as our Mr. Gertrude, who made quite a name for himself as chief coiffeur consultant aboard the Staten Island Ferry. (The name he made is withheld under threat of lawsuit.) The long-tressed styles recommended by Mr. Gertrude not only allow you to go for months without a haircut, but can also prove to be a great saving for your family. That is, if they love pets, but are unable to afford a sheepdog.

Guide to Groups

3. **The next important item is clothing.** The clothes you choose must suit your personality. For those with no personality, just grow your hair **real** long and that will take care of your clothes problem. However, if you possess some personality, it would be best to consult Mr. Lillian who will help you choose garments that reflect the REAL YOU. (If you can't stand the REAL YOU, don't bug the doctor—he's got his own problems!)

The bandage worn by Mr. Lillian is the result of a concussion given to him when he failed to guess the TRUE ESSENCE of one of his more important Hollywood clients. It seems Mr. Lillian outdid him, her self, in creating an absolutely ravishing fantasy in fabric: consisting of cerise capri pants, pink sequined jacket and lace trim—But John Wayne didn't like it!

4. **Finally, you will need a guitar.** Proficiency in playing this instrument is optional, and definitely not required. But, holding a guitar will give you something to do with your hands, besides sticking them in your ears, if you are stupid enough to listen to your own music. Any model guitar will do. And, if you're a charity case, you can always ad lib a guitar by stringing some cat gut across your navel and plucking it with your thumb.

Once the above problems are straightened out, there's nothing to it. Just sing and get rich. If you can't sing, write to Sick magazine for our free singing course. By the time you get anything free from us, you'll not only be past all this nonsense, you'll probably have passed away and be playing with a heavenly harp group. For instructions in heavenly harp-playing, you can then send an envelope (asbestos) care of our editors. We'll be where many of our readers have told us to go.

And now to the evolution of groups....

SEE IF YOU CAN IDENTIFY YOUR FAVORITE GROUPS

The Originals

Dr. Fraud firmly believes that the first group on earth was not a duet who lived in a garden, as is commonly supposed, but a trio that settled in an apple orchard. The doctor reasons: "Epple trees grow in orchards!" Which almost makes sense. The good doctor further asserts that these earliest app e-knockers were responsib e for that heart-warming traditional farmer's ballad: **"I Go Into Fits, When You Spit Out The Pits!"** As well as Adam's little-known lament, entitled: **"I Tried To Date The Snake, But Eve Was On The Make!"**

The Furry Four

The next group was a quartet and since barber-shops weren't invented yet, they sang their songs around the entrance to their cave. Found scrawled on their cavern wall, were such all time favorites as: **"I Wanna Hold Your Paw,"** and that tribute to young love's first discovery: **"I Didn't Know You Were There, Till I Parted Your Hair."** The latter number was among the top ten in the Pleistocene Era.

The Stone Rollers

From the evidence found near his Las Vegas excavations, our expert theorizes that this next group was probably quite high on the evolutionary scale (and on L.S.D.) since they sang such psychedelic love songs as: **"19th Nervous Breakdown," "Psychosomatic Me and Psychoneurotic You,"** as well as that unforgettable all-time standard, **"I'm Getting Sent To Bellevue Over You."** The doctor says there is no truth to the rumor that this group was responsible for all the recent muggings inside the "Time Tunnel."

The Waders

This salty, wandering group of military minstrels roamed the seven seas and left their mark on practically every continent (and skull) in the known world. They would have gone even further in their "swinging" career, except for the nagging fear that they'd sail over the edge. Their claim to fame, wherever they went, were those two smash hit numbers: **"Wake The Town And Kill The People!,"** and **"I'd Fall For You Max, If You'd Put Down That Axe!"** It can truly be said, they'll never be forgotten.

The Monks

Then, there came a sedate and proper quartet that sang theological-type love songs like: **"I'm A Believer,"** **"Tip-Toe Through The Temple,"** and also laid claim to being the original popularizers of the song hit: **"Winchester Cathedral,"** which at that time was promptly brought down by a roving Mongolian rock and roll group called, "Attila and The Huns"—stone by stone!

Hermanskies' Hermits

There has been great speculation as to why this particular group were forced to live by themselves, as well as why they were able to drive off the mighty dinosaur without using any weapons. From the lingering traces detected in the atmosphere near their cave, one can only surmise that theirs was one of the most advanced cases of bad breath in all recorded history! To support this contention stone sheet music found in the general area contain such wails of lament as: **"We'd Never Have Come To Grief, If They'd Only Invented 'REEF'!"** And, **"We Breathed In Hallowed Halls, But The Paint Came Off The Walls!"**

* * * * * * *

WE LEAVE THESE EARLY HAIRY PRIMITIVE GROUPS, TO CONSIDER SOME MORE MODERN HAIRY PRIMITIVE GROUPS....

* * * * * * *

The Sandboys
Found living on a sand bar are this modern group who love to surf and generally get into hot water (Preferably with the opposite sex). They also enjoy fishing and especially get their kicks from casting—for their various movies—again with members of the opposite sex.

Thus, their love songs as **"I Loved The Farmer's Daughter, But She Held Me Underwater!"** And, **"I Knew It Was One Of Those Things, When You Poked A Hole In My Waterwings!"**

Young Scoundrels
This San Quentin quartet came together quite by accident. An agent (for the F.B.I.) picked all four of them out of the local police lineup, and predicted they'd go places together... It's obvious that this quartet of four-time losers are famous for singing the blues, such as the shocking: **"I Started To Sit In Your Chair, Till I Saw The Wiring There."** And the poignant, **"Drop In To See Me Now And Then, The Judge Just Gave Me Five To Ten."**

Fathers And Mothers
As is usually the case with teen-age fashions, the parents eventually try to get into the act. In this refugee group from the P.T.A., one can see the effect of the current "Mod" trend on the father at the left, who washes the dishes while wearing a mini-apron.

Their song material is comprised of folk (old) combined with a sense of their parental responsibility, like: **"I Spoke To Doctor Spock, But He Hit Me With A Rock!"** And, **"I Tried To Teach You The Golden Rule, When You Kept Your Teacher After School!"**

The Beasts

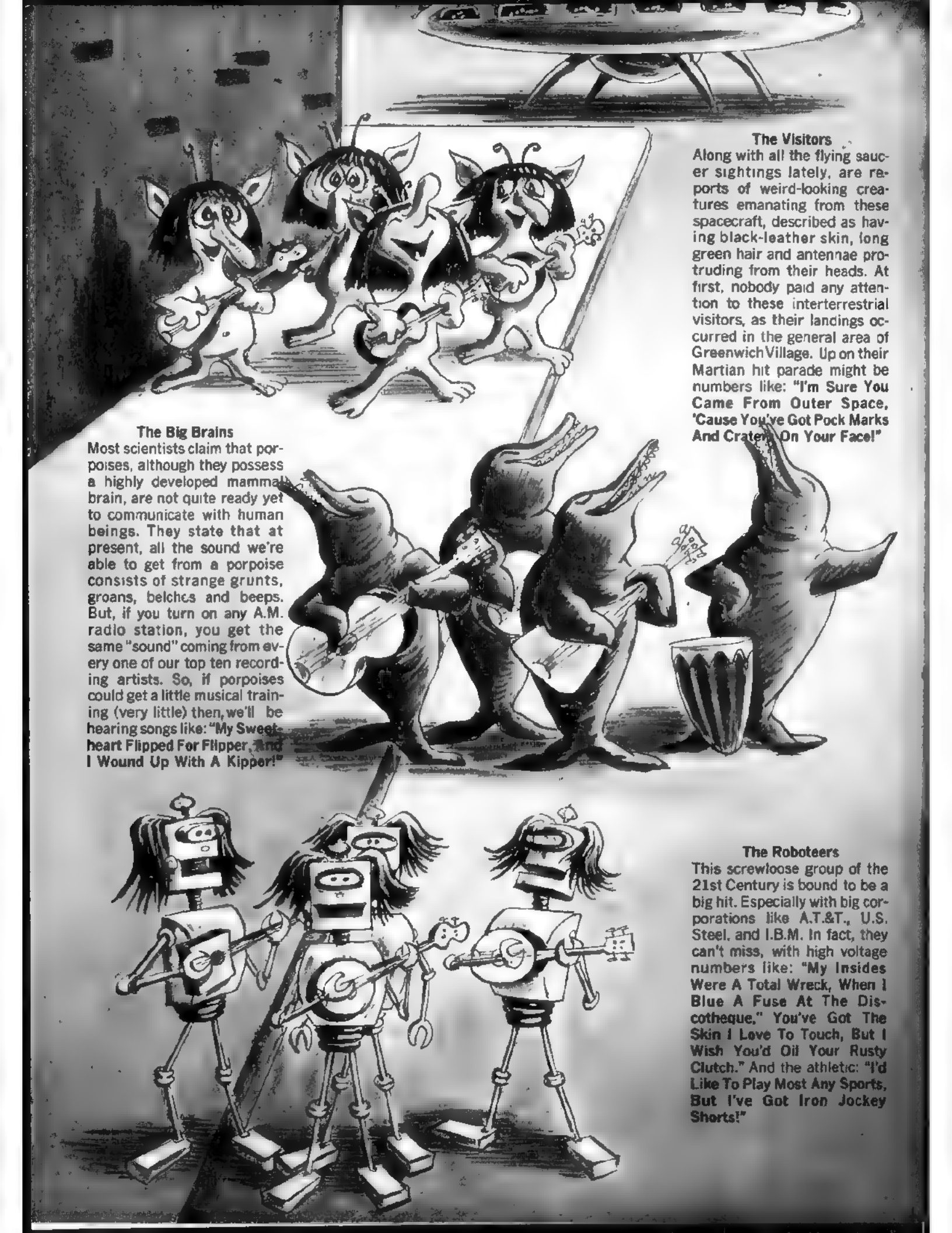
Some cynics claim that these cool "cats" were placed in a cage by music critics.This treatment might seem a bit cruel, but after regarding the behavior of their fans, who keep attempting to tear off their clothing, cut off their hair and occasionally bite them on their necks, the cage seems to be the safest place for these poor defenseless creatures. Their song material is usually in tune with their jungle-like appearance, with such favorites as: **"I'll Meet You In The Congo, But Don't Beat Me With Your Bongo!"** And, **"I Went Ape Over Jane, But Tarzan Was A Pain!"**

The Objectors

In view of the continuing trend of protest across the country, it shouldn't be long before we have a group, who, instead of hitting people over the head with their objectionable placards, will soon be hitting the "top ten" with their objectionable records—singing in their classic positions of sitting-in, lying-in, etc. Leaving just one group to be dragged in—the protesting audience! If the present trend of unwashed bodies also continues, every session by this grimy group is bound to become one big smell-in! Among their hits of the future might be such numbers as: **"I Tried To Protest The Draft, But My Top Sergeant Merely Laughed!"** And, **"They Threw Me Out Of Berkeley Too, And Sent Me To Princeton—Good Old P.U.!"**

The Mutations

If nuclear fall-out ever becomes as common as dandruff, perhaps this type of sexless sextet may yet make it big. These musical eye-sores should have a lot of audience identification on their side, as they are sure to remind almost everybody of former blind dates. Among their radiation-type repertoire might be such nuclear numbers as: **"In A Mushroom Cloud With You," "Come To Me My Hiroshima Baby," "I Bent Down Low To Kiss Your Nose, 'Cause It's Located By Your Toes."** And many other numbers too mutilated to mention.



The Visitors

Along with all the flying saucer sightings lately, are reports of weird-looking creatures emanating from these spacecraft, described as having black-leather skin, long green hair and antennae protruding from their heads. At first, nobody paid any attention to these interterrestrial visitors, as their landings occurred in the general area of Greenwich Village. Up on their Martian hit parade might be numbers like: **"I'm Sure You Came From Outer Space, 'Cause You've Got Pock Marks And Craters On Your Face!"**

The Big Brains

Most scientists claim that porpoises, although they possess a highly developed mammal brain, are not quite ready yet to communicate with human beings. They state that at present, all the sound we're able to get from a porpoise consists of strange grunts, groans, belches and beeps. But, if you turn on any A.M. radio station, you get the same "sound" coming from every one of our top ten recording artists. So, if porpoises could get a little musical training (very little) then, we'll be hearing songs like: **"My Sweetheart Flipped For Flipper, And I Wound Up With A Kipper!"**

The Roboteers

This screwloose group of the 21st Century is bound to be a big hit. Especially with big corporations like A.T.&T., U.S. Steel, and I.B.M. In fact, they can't miss, with high voltage numbers like: **"My Insides Were A Total Wreck, When I Blue A Fuse At The Discotheque," You've Got The Skin I Love To Touch, But I Wish You'd Oil Your Rusty Clutch."** And the athletic: **"I'd Like To Play Most Any Sports, But I've Got Iron Jockey Shorts!"**

There's a bug on your neck. I'll get it.

I say down with Shriver and his Job Corps.

This is SICK Write-to-a-Serviceman-Month. Yes, friends, the jolly staff of SICK asks that you be patient if your Pen Pal ad has not yet appeared so that we can devote more space this issue to our stout-hearted men in uniform. Instead of sending us your Pen Pal ad this month, why not write to a serviceman. It will be a big kick for him to be swamped with letters at his next mail call. Now who can argue with that?

Wanted: Female pen pal for 18 year-old G.I. Must have good sense of humor and unbalanced mind (or even balanced). For more information contact: L/CPL Tom Conly, Marine Air Cont. Sqd-6, (Comm.) C-E, F.P.O. San Fran., Cal. 96602.

I would like to hear from anywhere in the world, (preferably somewhere else) and preferably a girl. I collect stamps and coins. I have no girl friend and am very intelligent. Write to: Lin Hamilton/ RA18838117, HHC 69th Sig. Bn. (A), San Fran., A.P.O. Cal 96307.

Would like a cute girl from Texas, Arkansas, Louisiana, or Oklahoma to write to a GI in Viet Nam. I am 21 years old, have attended East Texas State University majoring in Music Ed. Played the drums in R&R group for 2 years prior to induction. Still think the Beatles are boss. Girl must be out of high school by end of '68 term. Blonde hair and green eyes can't be topped. I am a Medic in the 1st Air Cav. Div. and will answer all letters. Write to Pfc Donnie Gray US54760382, HHC, 2/5 1st Air Cav. Div., A.P.O. San Fran., Cal. 96490

I would love to correspond with a girl type pen pal between the ages of 17 to 22 Would like a picture and I will answer all letters. Write to: Cpl. Walter M. Wright 2144988 U.S.M.C., Marine Barracks Guard Co. 2Plt. Box 32B, U.S Naval Base c/o F.P.O. New York 09593.

All who wish to join the Edward I. Daily Fan Club write to: Edward I. Daily, Pfc., VS54800998, 25th Gen. Sup. Co., A.P.O., New York 09696.

If any Sick reader has a problem or needs advice, write to: Pfc., Larry High, US55843129, 25th Gen. Sup. Co., A.P.O., New York 09696

Need male fashion clippings. Would like to keep up on the latest male fashion. Send to: Pfc. Charlie Washman, RA19843519, 25th Gen. Sup. Co., A.P.O., New York 09696.

Desired: Cute girls (18-25) with long black or brown hair to drop a card and a kiss to a lonely frog who was turned into a handsome prince 20 years ago. That's a hell of a line, but what do you want from a 20 year old enchanted frog? At the moment I'm 6'0", hair like Dylan, hazel eyes, and I love anything new and different. Like you for instance, so write!! Alex Gossland (patient) RA 56417538, Ward 884-D, 249th General Hospital, A.P.O. San Francisco, California.

Wanted: Female Sick type pen pal. No preference in hair color. Age between 17 and 20. Must appreciate Mod Styles and Popular Music. Must like the out-of-doors and have a good sense of humor. I am a brown eyed, brown haired 20 year old G.I. I enjoy anything hip. Address: Pfc. Jim Robertson, RA11931780, 4th Admin. Co. 4th Inf. Div., A.P.O. San Fran., Cal. 96262.

Attention: Very lonely G.I. desperate for a pen pal, preferably of feminine gender. My home is Chicago, I am 20 years old, like all kinds of hobbies and all kinds of popular music. I am a pretty good dancer. Address: Pfc Phillip Patnow US54804326, COD 62nd Gngr. Bn. Const., A.P.O. San Fran., Cal. 96491.

One very lonely airborne Pfc. would like to write to a cute girl 15-18. I am 18 years old, 5'7 1/2", have light brown hair, green eyes, and weigh 138. I love cars, bikes, jumping from planes, and most of all, cute girls. Will send a picture with letter. Write to: Pfc. Victor A. Smith RA15763571, 82nd Administration Co., 82nd ABN. Div., Fort Bragg, North Carolina 28307.

Wanted: Pen Pals from anywhere. Any ages from 13 to 21. I have brown hair (partly sunbleached) and brown-green eyes. I am 5'9" tall and I'm stuck on this crummy Island for 2 years so I need pen pals. I like all kinds of music, especially the Monkees. The one thing I like the most is girls so please write to me. Address: Tim Potts, Box 3092, Agana, Guam, Mariana Islands.

CLASSICFRIED ADS

Comic books (10,000) and buttons (over 200 right, left, protest, pot, etc.) for sale. For free list send 5 cents to Murray Bob, 1325 43rd Street, Brooklyn, New York 11219.

I am a comic collector and would like to buy any copies of All-American Comics, and All-Star Comics. Will pay up to $1.00 Each. Brian Fannahill, 615 East 69th Street, Kansas City, Missouri.

Want to join the conservative element of the underground? You may be named a Chief Boo Hoo if you qualify. Patriarch Michael (intellectual), 406 East Fairchild, Topeka, Kansas 66608.

TEENAGERS — Are you interested in putting your tape recorder to good use by talking with other American and English teenagers instead of writing? Even if you aren't, write for info on how to get tape (not pen) pals: The Great Lakes Tape Club, 13346 Sherwood, Huntington Woods, Michigan 48070.

PEN PALS

I'm a 5'8" brunette with green eyes. I'd love any pen pals (preferably guys) 17 to 19. I dig baseball, boys, swimming, boys, and almost anything that gives enjoyment. My favorite singers are: The Mamas and Papas, The Monkees, The Raiders, really any group. I like guys with a good personality, whose willing to try anything once, and with medium long hair that's kept CLEAN!!! I'll answer any and all letters, send a pic if possible. Audrey (Aud for short) Gorlich, 579 Linden Avenue, Teaneck, N.J. 07666.

I'm a 5'2", light brunette with green eyes. I'm 16 and would like pen pals (preferably guys) that are 16 to 17. I like dancing a lot and listening to records. I'll answer any and all letters. Myriam Khalifa, 25 Brinkerhoff Avenue, Teaneck, N.J. 07666.

I am 16, 5'11", 163 lbs., black hair, dark complexion (born in South America) and a good guy. Girls: only between 15 and 17, good looking and send picture for insurance. I can set up all sorts of girls with pen pals 'cause I'm surrounded by 350 boys. If you are hip you will write to: Carlos Barker, W.J. Maxey Boys Training School, Whitemore Lake, Michigan 48013.

A gorgeous blue eyed, brown haired guy in Kiwiland wants to write to a gorgeous blue eyed blonde from the U.S.A. Dig my hobbies: looking under houses, collecting sick spiders, cracking eggs (for fun), climbing power poles. All gorgeous girls 17-21 and you guys too of the same age. I'll answer all Sick letters, so hope you get Sick and write. Chris Astridge (The Nice Guy) 502 Hinau St. Hastings, H.B. New Zealand, I'm 21 years old!

Wanted urgently: Female pen pal 15 or 16, preferably U.S.A. or Aussie-land. Prefer blondes but any color will do. I'm 5'4", have dark, almost shoulder length hair and I like girls with a nice complexion. I like Peter and Gordon, The Id, the Monkees and Tom Jones. I have hazel brown eyes and a dark suntan. I'm sixteen. Write to: Warner Boyle, 715 Sydney Road, Brunswick, Victoria, Australia.

I am interested in corresponding with some girl pen pals. I enjoy meeting all kinds of people. Write to: Ayhan Yilmar, age 17, attended Ataturk High School. Likes: Music, travelling, swimming. Draw a self-portrait or send photo. Address: Ayhan Yilmar, Gultepe Ataturkcoddes, No. 38 Gultepe Izmir, Turkey.

I am a handsome 14 year-old who would like a female pen pal. I have dark hair, blue eyes, and love to write letters. Will send a picture to all pen pals. Write to: Scott Smith, Woodward Academy, Box 48, College Park, Georgia.

I am in the job corp and am very lonely. Girls 16-17 send pictures. I will answer all replies. I am 6' tall, 17 years old, dark red hair. I like wine, women, good food, girls, dancing, girls, skindiving and girls. Write to: Roger Olson, Dorm 553B, room 18, Parks Job Corp Center, Pleasonton, Calif. 94566.

I would like to write to blonde girl over 16 anywhere in the world who is interested in surfing and folk music. Write to: Lindley Killingbeck, PO Box 3737, Cape Town, South Africa.

Folk-rock, watching people, going to parties and dances, local groups (like myself) Byrds, Monkees, Mod stuff, Collegiate stuff like levis and sweatshirts and madras; Beachboys, guitars and especially girls. Lawrence Singer, 6130 North Oakley, Chicago, Ill. 60645.

I am an English girl with straight brown hair and blue eyes. I want to write to an intelligent American boy (no crewcutted, under 16, drooly, unhip square cubes) who lives in New York or California. He must like the Lovin' Spoonfuls, Stones, Byrds, Mamas and Papas. I will answer all letters. Anyone interested write to: Barbara Kwzninska, 55 Kyrle Road, London, South Wales 11, England.

I would like pen pals from the East and West coast, and guys from Vietnam. I am 5'4" and have reddish brown hair and blue eyes. Guys don't have to be cute. Write to: Arlene Waggoner, 4800 West 24th Avenue, Gary, Indiana 46406.

Pen Pals wanted: Age 19-22, from anywhere, and can be male or female. I'm 19, blue eyes, naturally blonde, and working. My favorite singers are Chad and Jeromy.. I love to draw and hope to become a commercial artist some day. Write to: Hilda Crieger, 2116 Demorest Avenue, Muscatini, Iowa 52761.

Wanted Pen Pals from anywhere in the world (Foreign Countries). I am 15 years old, and will answer any and all letters. Marie Ann Frigault, 531 W. Gaines, Monticello, Arkansas 71655.

Wanted: Male pen pals any age. Occupation: Radio Station manager. Age: 24. Likes: Comic books, horror movies, rock and roll, occultism, all are hobbies of mine. Wanted, people with same or similar interests to write to. My record collection numbers over 10,000, my comics collection over 5,000 and my motion picture collection over 100. Dislikes: Dull parties and phonies. People with wild way out or wierd ideas please write. Marc Richards, Box C, Madawaska, Maine 04756.

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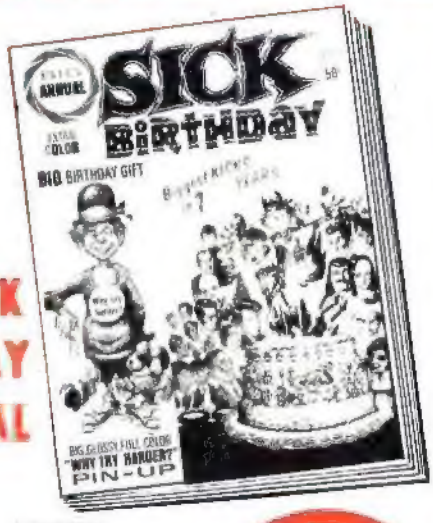

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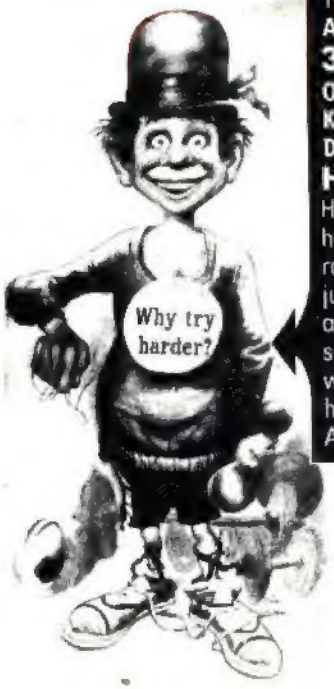

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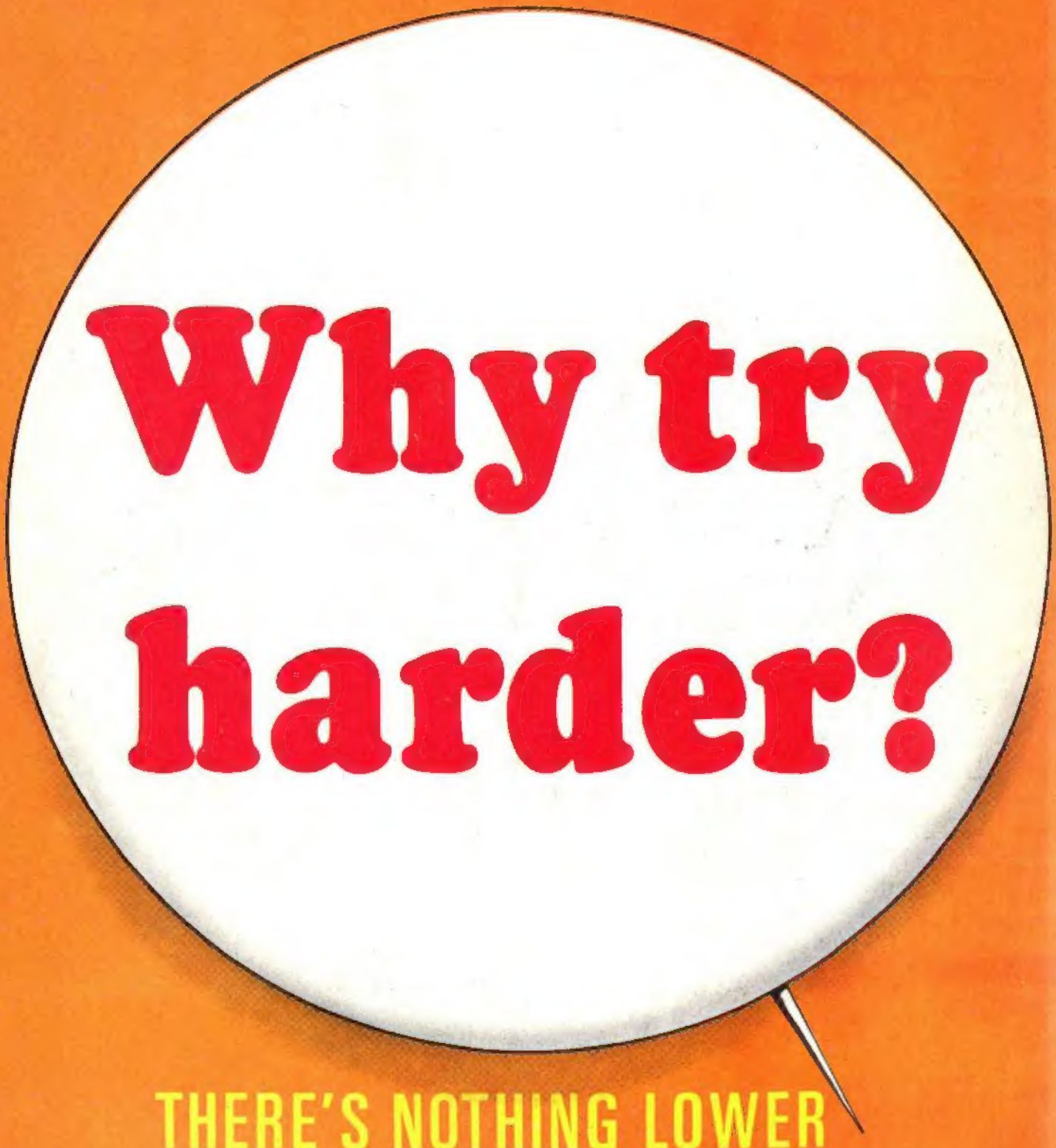

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